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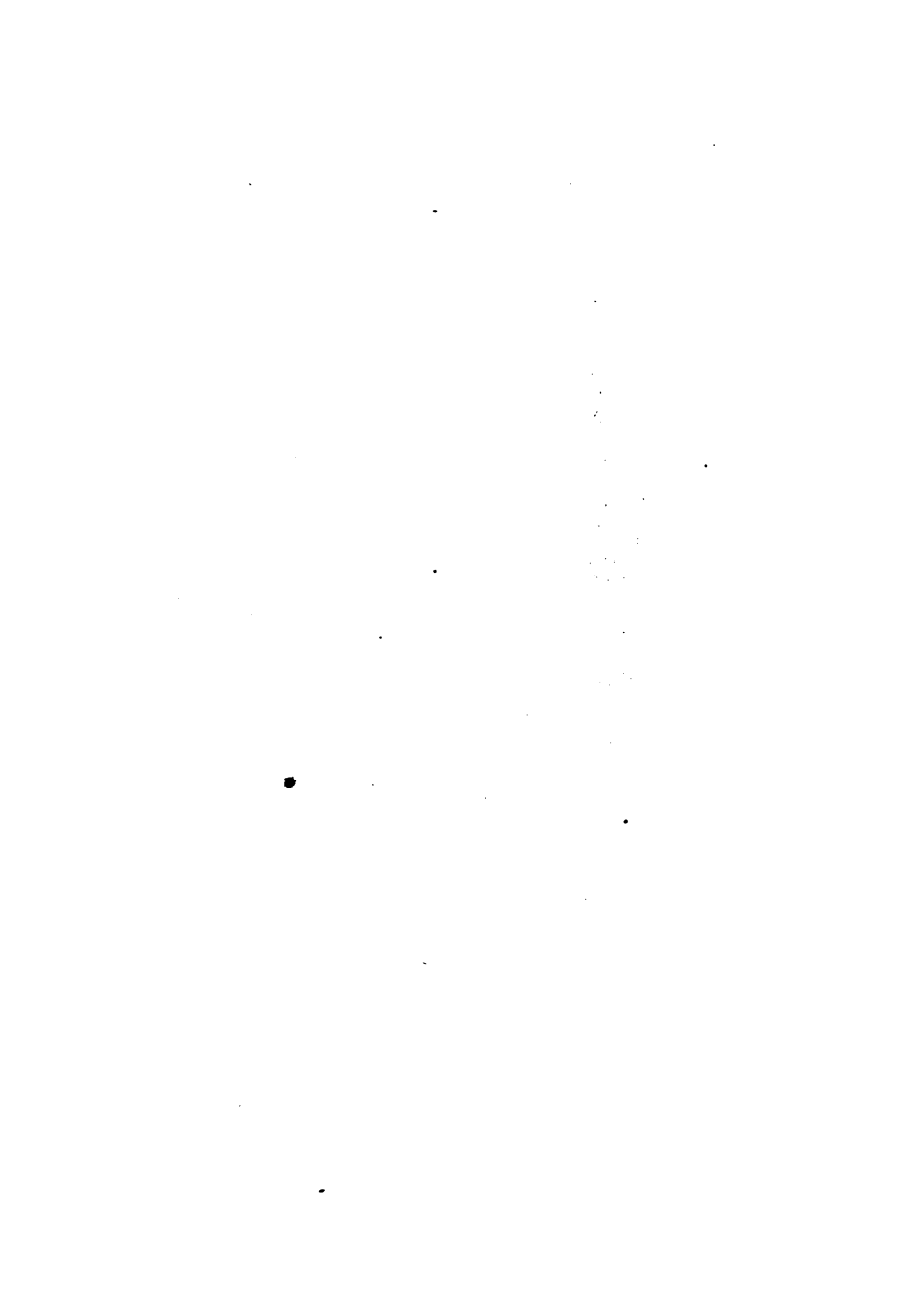


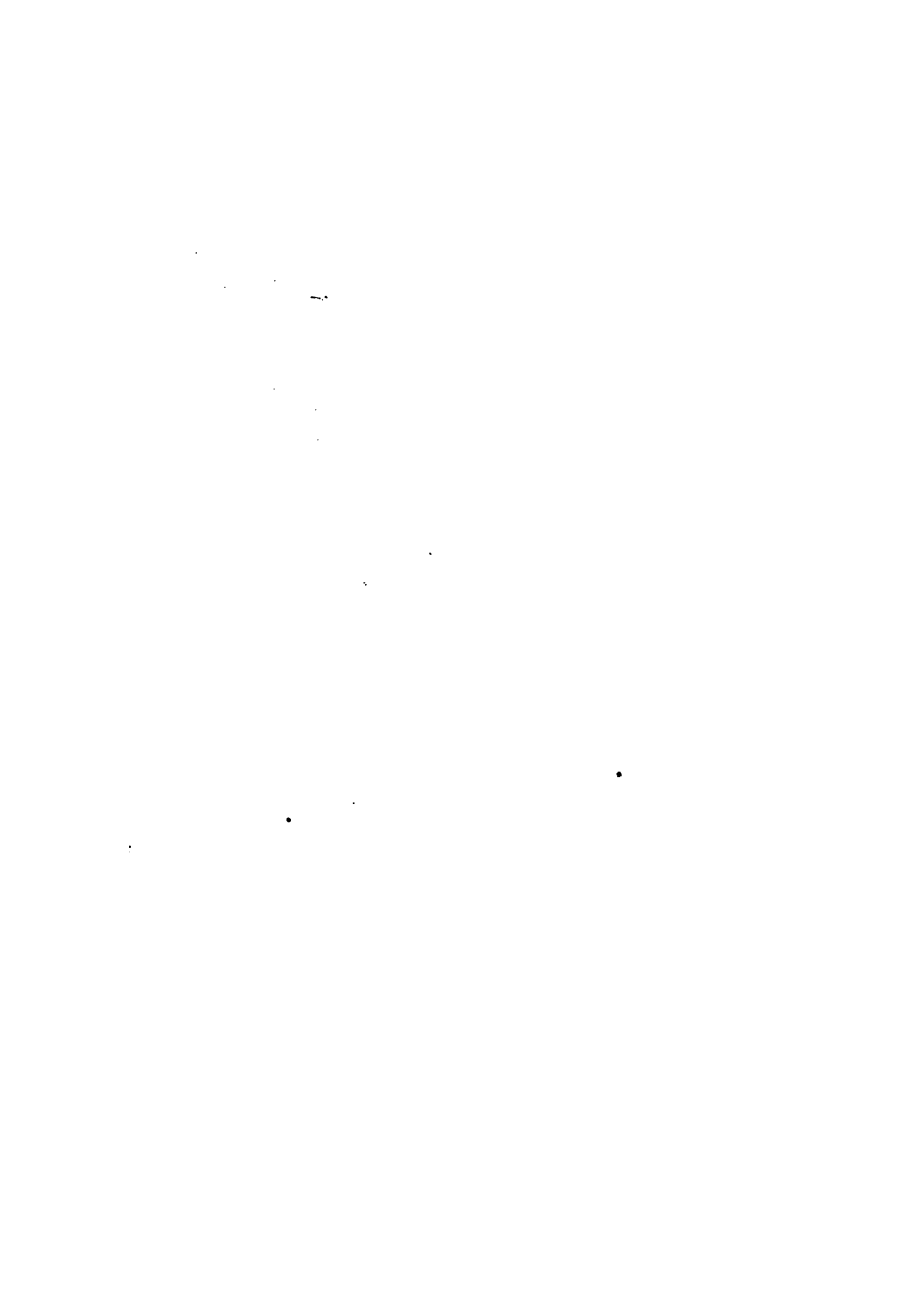
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PUNCH'S

A detailed black and white illustration. At the top, the word 'PUNCH'S' is written in large, bold, serif capital letters. Below it, a man with a large nose, wearing a top hat and a monocle, is smiling and holding a large rectangular sign. The sign has the words 'Pocket Book OF FUN.' written on it in a mix of serif and stylized fonts. In the background, several children are playing: one is climbing a ladder, another is on a swing, and others are running or playing on the ground. The scene is set outdoors with some foliage and a fence visible in the distance.

Pocket Book
OF FUN.

New York

EVERY D. APPLETON & COMPANY. N.Y.



PUNCH'S
POCKET-BOOK OF FUN.



THE ESSENCE OF PUNCH.

BEING
*CUTS AND CUTTINGS FROM THE WIT AND WISDOM
OF TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES OF PUNCH.*

Illustrated with 75 Engravings,

BY S. P. AVERY,

FROM DRAWINGS BY JOHN LEECH, TENNIEL, DOYLE, CRUICKSHANKS
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NEW YORK:
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1857.

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PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK OF FUN.

MR. PUNCH IN CHINA.



INCE each *gobe-mouche* is speaking
of Nanking or Peking,
And as each critic, wit, or professional diner,
Explains that you can't choose
but see that the Manchews
Must soon be entirely driven
from China,
And that a high price on our
Pekoe and Hyson
Must be the infallible end of the
clatter,
Mr. Punch, who's a strong *goût*
for Souchong and Congou

Determines to go and see what is the matter.
It boots not to say *how* he goes; for to-day
Young and old, grave and gay, so affect locomotion,
That the press every hour produces a shower
Of "Rough Notes of a Slide on the Great Frozen Ocean,"
Or "A Midsummer's Ramble from Stamford to Stambol."



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PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK OF FUN.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Lady of the House. My dear, will you allow me to offer you a glass of wine?

Visitor. Thank you—I'm very thirsty—I think I will.

Lady of the House (after a slight pause). Have you remarked, my dear, how the young men of the present day waste their wine? I'm sure they leave in their glasses just as much as they drink—and do you know, my dear, Mr. SKINFLINT always goes round after a party, and collects the wine-glasses together, and it's perfectly astonishing the quantity he finds in them.

Visitor (having just finished her glass). Ye-ee-es.

Lady of the House. Yes, my dear, it's a positive fact—and I know you will hardly believe it—but sometimes, after a large evening party, he has been able to put away as many as three large decanters full!

[*Visitor turns pale, and recollects, all of a sudden, that she has a pressing call to make in the next street.*]

ANTIQUITIES ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

SCENE.—*A Celebrated Curiosity-Shop.*

Antiquarian. What's the price of that mummy?

Old Curiosity Man. That mummy, Sir,—two thousand years old—why, Sir, the very lowest we could take for that mummy, Sir, is a five pun' note.

Antiquarian. Oh nonsense. I'll give you two pounds ten for it.

Old Curiosity Man. Very sorry, Sir, but can assure you, Sir, it never was made for the money!



WHOLESOME' PREJUDICE.

"RAILROADS, SIR? I HATE RAILROADS, AND I SHALL BE VERY GLAD WHEN THEY'RE DONE AWAY WITH, AND WE'VE GOT THE COACHES AGAIN."

KNOWLEDGE.—The offspring of Thought, but much oftener an Adopted Child.

THE MOST CURIOUS THING.—A woman not being curious!

THINGS THAT YOU NEVER CAN, BY ANY ACCIDENT, GET A
LADY (BE SHE YOUNG OR OLD) TO CONFESS TO.

That she laces tight !

That her shoes are too small for her !

That she is ever tired at a ball !

That she paints !

That she is as old as she looks !

That she has been more than five minutes dressing !

That she has kept you waiting !

That she blushed when a certain person's name was
mentioned !

That she ever says a thing she doesn't mean !

That she is fond of scandal !

That she—*she* of all persons in the world—is in love !

That she can't keep a secret !

That she doesn't want a new bonnet !

That she can do with one single thing less when she is
about to travel !

That she hasn't the disposition of an angel, or the temper
of a saint—or else how could she go through one-half
of what she does ?

That she doesn't know better than any one else what
is best for her !

That she is a flirt, or a coquette !!

That she is ever in the wrong !!!

EXTREMES.—Many a fool has passed for a clever man,
because he has known how to hold his tongue; and many a
clever man has passed for a fool because he has not known
how to make use of it.

A VOICE FROM THE STOMACH.

SOMEBODY recommends what he calls a "voice lozenge," which, it is asserted, gives "tone to the stomach." This must be very convenient to singers; for anything which gives "tone to the stomach" must add to the usual advantage of a *voce di petto*, a regular *voce di ventre*, which would be hailed anywhere as a decided novelty.

A stomach with a tone to it must be equal to a barrel organ, and would furnish to a vocalist the means of accompanying himself without being dependent on any external instrument.

We can understand the stomach of a cat having a tone, for it is the source whence we derive all our fiddle-strings; but the human stomach with a tone to it, is a phenomenon which ought to make the lozenge that produces it universally popular.

A FLOWER FROM A LOVER'S BUTTON-HOLE.—A lady's cheek is described as the poetical abode of the Rose; but we are not told what kind of a rose. When an ardent lover steals a kiss, we suppose it is a "Cabbage-Rose!"

QUESTIONABLE DELICACY.—A conscientious clerk refused a valuable situation under the Electric Telegraph Company, because he did not like accepting "a post, where he was a *responsible* agent, with unlimited li(e)-ability."

VULGAR DEFINITION OF A TEETOTALLER.—A Drunkard convinced against his (s)will.



Spirit Rapping.

CONFESSIONS OF A SPIRIT-RAPPING MEDIUM.

It was about the middle of February, when I had paid no rent for nine months, no taxes for six, and no tradesmen for three, that I first began to hear a series of rappings of a most persevering character. To account for those rappings was extremely difficult, and I made no attempt to answer them, for I knew it would be quite useless as I had not a rap in the house. At length it occurred to me, that though I could not answer the rappings, they might in some way be got to answer me; and as my whole life had been of a rather questionable nature, I resolved on trying the experiment.

I was sitting alone about the middle of March, when I thought I heard a rapping, which soon became very violent, at the outer door. Having heard some talk of the spirit rappers, I determined to try and find out whether the rappings which were so frequent at my house could have anything to do with the phenomena alluded to. Having lighted my pipe, I began to ask myself the question, "Can that be a creditor?" when there immediately came a very loud "rap." As the spirits, I am told, answer by a "rap" when they intend to express an affirmative and give no sign when they mean to imply a negative, I made sure there was a creditor at the door. "Is he alone?" I asked. No answer! "Were they all creditors who have been rapping during the last few weeks?" I inquired calmly, but there was such a thunder of "raps," lasting for several minutes, that I could not ask myself another *question immediately*, as I knew I could not have

heard myself speak. "Has the butcher been here?" was my next inquiry, which was answered by several "raps" in quick succession, but when I hastily added, "And will he trust me any longer?" the rapping suddenly but most decidedly ceased.

I had read in some American books on the subject that the spirits frequently moved furniture in the most eccentric manner. I determined therefore to choose the darkest hour of the night to see whether it would be possible to get my furniture moved by the aid of such spirits as I might be able to command. I got a poor fellow who kept a truck to come to me, and intending to make him a "medium," I brought him into communication with all the "spirits" I could get together, but the "medium" I had chosen was quite unable to preserve a happy "medium," and the "spirits," having taken complete possession of him, began to throw him about in the most mischievous manner that can be conceived. They bumped him up against the wall, and when he tried to lift a table under their influence, they threw him down on the top of it. While this was going on, the rappings became so violent that I, who was pretty well used to them, became alarmed; and especially when I heard something like the forcing open of a door, which made me apprehend that there was some frightful "process," perhaps a writ or a summons, with which the rappers intended to serve me out—or rather at home—if they could get hold of me. Seizing the first friendly wrapper—a Macintosh—that I could lay my hands upon, I made my way out by a back door, and did *not return till the day following*. When I came back to

y dwelling I became convinced in the most unpleasant manner that the "rappers" can really do what the Americans attribute to them. I had been told that in the United States there are "rappers" who have positively written with pen and ink, as well as moved furniture; and I could not doubt either fact when I found all my furniture had been carried away, and an inventory regularly written out lying on the floor. It was clear that not only was the house haunted by "rappers," but the furniture had become 'possessed' by some evil spirit in the shape of a "man in possession," who had carried it away. From this time forth the house had become a source of such alarm to me that I left it; but I have been told that the "rappings" still continue as vehement as ever, and some of the "rappers" who possess the power of writing have placed a written notice on the door, which I have not ventured near enough to read, but which I have been told conveys an intimation that they are acting as the "medium" of the landlord, in whose name they will go upon the premises to take possession of them in a few days.

THE BEST PARTNERS.

For Whist, the cleverest and most indulgent; for Dancing, the handsomest, and the most amusing; for Business, the steadiest, the wealthiest, and the most attentive; and for Marriage—one who combines the qualities of all the Three.

THE SHORTEST ACT ON RECORD.—The Act ordaining the Fast, for it *was* an Act of no provisions at all.

THE YOUNG LADY'S DREAM BOOK.

IN compliance with the wish expressed in several hundreds of charming and flattering notes, with which a corresponding number of lady correspondents have been favouring *Mr. Punch* ever since the Pocket-Book became one of the institutions of our happy country, he has caused to be prepared the following Dreamer's Manual, or Complete and Faithful Exposition of Dreams and Visions. It has been carefully collated with all the most popular works of the same character, to which it will be found to bear remarkable affinity, and several new dreams have been added by the editors, who arranged express nightmares for this work exclusively, and regardless of indigestion. The following pages, into which is concentrated an incredible amount of Dream Lore, will now be the standard authority on the subject, and no lady's dressing-table can be considered as properly furnished unless *Mr. Punch's* Dream Book reposes between the ring stand and the Eau de Cologne.

Aztecs. To dream of these repulsive objects, signifies that you will be exposed to the impertinence of some quack or other. To dream that you kiss the wretched little creatures implies that you have indeed been reduced to extremities.

Ant Eater. To dream that you were taken to see it means that you will soon be invited to dinner with your cousins. The dream is, therefore, good or bad, according to the terms on which you are with your relatives.

Adelphi. To dream that you go there is lucky; and

you dream that the *Green Bushes* was performed, it retells that your life will be an everlasting peace.

Brighton. The dream of a visit to, means that your respects are going to brighten, and that you may set your mind upon a Peer.

Baby. To dream that you, being single, are affectionately caressing one in the presence of Frederic, implies that you are a prudent girl, and will ere long meet your reward.

Chiswick Fête. To dream of, implies a new bonnet at east.

Chobham. To dream of the Camp at, clearly shows that though the captain has forgotten you, your heart is more faithful, which is comforting.

Crystal Palace. To dream that you attend the inauguration of, is a dream you will do well to tease your papa to carry out. If you dream that Sir Joseph Paxton presents you with a bunch of orange-flowers, you will be married in 1854; so mind what you are about, dear.

Dancing. To dream that you are, is fortunate, but if in the polka your awkward partner tramples on your toes, or tears your dress, and you only smile forgivingly, you will have, and deserve, an excellent partner for life.—Apply at 85 Fleet street.

Dreams. To dream that you are telling your dreams unless it is to *Mr. Punch*), implies that your mind is scarcely so well cultivated as it ought to be, and that the sooner you begin a course of reading, the better for your present or future husband.

Engaged. To dream you are, and have lost the ring Frederic gave you, is not of the slightest consequence even

if fulfilled literally. Ask him for a new one and a prettier and you will get it.

Flirting. To dream you are, especially in a conservatory, or at the Botanic Gardens, is fortunate; but to dream that you do so upoh a staircase with the window on the landing and the street door both open, during a party, is bad, unless he fetches you a shawl or something.

Ghost. To dream you see a ghost, is a sign you will be gratified, unless it be the *Ghost* in *Hamlet* with Mr. Charles Kean as the Prince of Denmark.

Garter. To dream you marry a Knight of the, means that you will soon have a perfect love of a blue ribbon.

Greenwich or Blackwall. To dream of a dinner at, and dear Frederic helping you to whitebait, and handing the brown bread and butter, means that dear Frederic is over-running the constable, and will soon have to ask dear papa for a cheque. So you had better keep the old gentleman in good humor.

House of Commons. To dream you are in the gallery of, means that you talk when you should be silent, and interrupt business with your nonsensical chattering. This refers to lady visitors to Parliament; but if a man dreams that he is in the body of the House, the observation most likely applies to him also. Mention it to any gentleman of a political turn.

Home. To dream you are happy at, and try to make it happy, signifies that you are a darling, and we should like your address.

Incense. To dream that it is offered to you, and that *you are pleased*, is not good; but if you turn up your men-

tal nose at it, while looking amiable, the remark under the preceding head will do again.

Jewelry. To dream that you are covered with, is good, but if you suddenly discover that the jewels are only paste, some Jew is trying to cheat a gentleman who is or will be very dear to you.

Kiss. To dream that you have the "Amazon and the Tiger" presented to you, and that it cannot be got into the drawing-room, predicts an embarrassment which need not be described until the dream occurs—then write to us.

Letter. To dream that you receive, and that it is crossed and recrossed, means that spills are wanted for the parlor mantel-piece.

Mont Blanc. To dream of, means that you are very fond of sweetmeats, especially of Albert Rock.

Moustaches. To dream of, if the wearer be under forty, is good. If he be over that age, be warned; he is a traitor of the deepest dye.

Married. See *Money*.

Music. To dream you hear. The luck depends on the composer. If Mendelssohn or Auber, you are to be congratulated—if Henry Russell or the cats in the next garden, the sooner you wake the better.

Money. To dream a magnificent young nobleman offers you a bag of, and a wedding-ring, is bad, because probably you will be disappointed. To dream that somebody is teaching you decimals, and making pretty little jokes to you about "scents," "*mille* pardons," and so

forth, with appropriate action, portends that you will tell Frederic not to be so silly. But he will.

Name. To dream you cannot remember your, means that you desire to change it, and if for the better, we hope you will.

Opera. To dream you visit, and Frederic talks to you all the time, denotes that you and he are very sensible young people, especially if *Pietro il grande* or *Jessonda* is being performed. If your bouquet falls over into the pit, and is picked up by a very handsome man, who presses it to his waistcoat, you are a coquette, and we shall tell Frederic.

Punch. To dream you see *Mr. Punch* is the most fortunate thing, except one (which is actually seeing him), that could happen to you. If he smiles upon you, which, if you are pretty, it is probable he will, look forward to a happy and prosperous life. If he frown, examine your whole conduct, and immediately reform anything likely to displease him. If you are in any doubt as to the subject, write to him frankly, and also legibly.

Queen. To dream your queen was taken at chess denotes that you will soon have a mate.

Rudeness. To dream that you have received any, infallibly indicates that you have been in society where you had no business to be, and most likely without your friends knowledge.

Rhinoceros. To dream that you are seated in a silver car on the back of a, with Prince Albert holding a brown gingham umbrella over you, and Mr. Harley and the Lord Chancellor strewing sugar-plums in your way, and that

us you go riding to St. Paul's to deposit in triumph a golden crochet-hook and a raspberry tart, means that Frederic's salary will be raised one-third, that his uncle will furnish the house, and that his dear old mamma will present you with such a dinner and breakfast service. But you will be very lucky to dream this dream in the exact order required.

Sleep. To dream you go to, if before XII, is good. Later, not so good, and denotes that you are allowed to go to too many parties a great deal.

Tea. To dream that you make, but can see very few spoons, means that almost all the young men at your next party will be agreeable—probably your mamma has been inviting the writers in *Punch*.

Unicorn. To dream that you are worried by a, denotes that Frederic will take to the key-bugle, rather to the disturbance of your domestic peace.

Veil. To dream you are taking the, means that you will do a sensible thing, when you walk out at Ramsgate, for the sea-breezes, though healthy, make the face a little rough. To dream Cardinal Wiseman offers you one, and that Frederic bonnets his Eminence, denotes that Frederic is also a wise man.

Wedding. To dream that you are at your own, and that you cannot manage to utter the word obey, on which Frederic walks out of the church, indicates that fortune is very kind, and gives you a hint which you will do well to consider.

Xerxes. To dream that you are, and that you are lashing the sea into a foam, denotes that you do not pay

sufficient attention to your mamma's instructions about whipping the syllabubs and trifles. Now, as Frederic likes these things—need we say more to a girl who means to make home happy?

Yellow. To dream that you look, denotes that not only Emma Vernon, but even that dowdified Rosanna Brown will have new dresses and mantles at the pic-nic on Tuesday, and you will go in that odious old bonnet. But if the yellow seems to come off, it means that Frederic will take no notice of the bonnet, and will tell you, as you walk away together, to look at some particular view he pretends to recollect, that you look prettier than you ever did in your life. So save your money, there's a good girl, to pay your milliner's bill.

Zebra. To dream you see, means that Frederic has gone and bought himself such a lovely striped waistcoat, just because you said you liked the pattern. Isn't he a dear?

THE LOST MUTTON.

A FAMILY GLEE.

WHERE is our leg of mutton?

Gone, gone, gone!

Who could have been the glutton

That made his meal thereon?

It was the cat;

No doubt of that:

Jane's sure the fact was so;

For the joint was quite

Secure last night,

When she went to meet her beau!

A HAPPY INSPIRATION.

HAPPY the donkey, free from care,
Whom a few prickly thistles bound,
Content to breath the rural air
In his own pound.

Happy the hog, remote from noise,
Who could no better bliss desire,
Than wallowing, far from cruel boys,
In his own mire.

Happy the lawyer wholly free
From conscience, and to pity lost,
Whom a few simple clients fee
To their own cost.

Happy the lawyer's clerk who shines,
Of shilling dancing rooms the star,
And who to patronize inclines
A cheap cigar.

Happy the constable who walks
About his beat with eager look,
And ultimately stops and talks,
With his own cook.

Happy the cabman who contrives
To take a fare to meet a train,
And robs the passenger he drives,
Who can't complain.

Happy the poet who indites
 These sentiments so pure and fine,
 And gets for everything he writes
 Twopence a line.

NELSON VINDICATED.

AMONG the numerous popular errors that descend from generation to generation is the absurd notion that Nelson was always sea-sick in a Naval engagement. We take leave to deny the preposterous supposition, for to defy anybody suffering from sickness at sea to give an order for anything—except perhaps a glass of brandy and water—which he might accomplish by a convulsive effort. If NELSON had really been sea-sick at the battle of Trafalgar, his celebrated speech delivered just before going into action would have come down to posterity in the following form:—"England (*here! Steward!*) expects (*a basin*) that every man (*Steward, I say!*) this day will do (*Steward!*) his duty (*basin!*)"

"THE MONUMENTAL BUST."—A Yankee says that the Poet, when he alluded to the "Monumental *Bust*," evidently meant to imply the "Crack of Dome!"

A Soporific.—Why is the practice of praising children like opium?—Because it's Laudanum.

A FERTILITY WELL-GROUNDED.—Periodicals are the *dead leaves* that fertilize the soil of Literature.

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS HAPPY.

Be always ready to minister to the necessities of your friend. He will often want the conceit taken out of him ; and it will become you to do him that kindness.

Treat this failing in him, and all his other failings, precisely as if they were your own ; that is to say, mortify them. Seize every opportunity of saying things calculated to take him down.

You should regard as failings, on the part of your friend, not only his downright whims, caprices, and humors, but likewise all the tastes and inclinations that he has, if he has any in particular.

If he possesses a favorite horse, dog or gun, always disparage it. This will tend to wean him from excessive attachment to earthly objects, yourself of course excepted. sneer at the make of his hunter ; question his Newfoundland's breed ; insinuate that his original Manton was manufactured at Birmingham. It will be just as well to take his line with him if he values these things only a little as if he prizes them much, nay, better, for it particularly annoys a man to have a slight predilection of his magnified into a "hobby," especially by the eyes of a friend, which annoyance is a wholesome mortification of the desire not to seem more ridiculous in the sight of those whom he cares for, than he really is.

In like manner, and on the same principle, if there is any one thing which you suspect him to think he does well, let him know continually that you think he does it ill. If he prides himself upon his riding, his driving, or fishing,

or shooting, make it evident to him that you consider him a cockney. Find fault with his *manège*, his carriage, tackle, his style. In case he has any the least idea that his appearance and demeanor are gentlemanlike, give him to understand that in your opinion they are snobbish. Find holes in his coat and his conduct. Should he ever betake the notion that he possesses any knowledge of the world, impress him with the conviction that he is looked upon by you as a greenhorn. Accordingly pounce upon every mistake he may fall into, or blunder he may commit, and take advantage of it to suggest to him your sense of his ineptitude, vulgarity, or imbecility. Avail yourself, moreover, of every circumstance which may afford a pretext for imputing any kind of vanity to him, which despicable feeling promptly discourage; as, for instance, if he quotes a bit of poetry out of the fulness of his heart, tell him that his recitation is a mistake; if he hums a tune in the excess of his spirits, advise him not to do that because he has no voice.

Whenever you hear your friend inveighing against some social or political wrong or injustice, intimate your suspicion that he does so only because it affects himself. The truth will probably be that it does affect him in some degree; and it will vex him to find you exaggerating his slight personal feeling into absolute selfishness.

Your friend being irritated by any loss or other misfortune in his affairs, do not pursue the soothing system with him, but put down his complaints in a manly way, by arguing that they are unfounded, and by ascribing his affliction *entirely to his own fault*. If he has generally been p

lent, attribute the calamity to his over-caution; if enterprising, to his recklessness. Whatever line of conduct you observe him to pursue, blame it; so that when any disaster occurs to him, you may be in a position to tell him that it would not have happened if he had taken your advice. In all discussions wherein you may be engaged with him, if a word or action of his own can possibly be referred to either of two motives of opposite character, never fail to impute the meaner and the more foolish.

By continually practising these precepts, you will accustom your friend to the wholesome discipline of humiliation, by making himself feel how small he is in your eyes, which he regards as his own. In doing him this good and kindly office, however, let not your complacency be disturbed by the apprehension that when he winces, the pain he suffers may possibly not be occasioned by your treading on his corns, but by his perception of your wish to tread upon them.

A MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE.

FASHIONABLE folks have ceased to marry. Now, according to Jenkins and his imitators, "they form a matrimonial alliance;" upon which, Susan Jane writes to Punch to inquire, "if such an alliance is to be considered offensive and defensive?" Mr. Punch ventures to reply—"offensive, when misfortune or difficulty is to be attacked and overcome; defensive, when sorrow or sickness assails; and expensive, when certain little parties, whether or not, will join in the compact."

THE CRUSH AT THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

SCENE.—*A passage in St. James' Palace leading to a flight of stairs, both crowded with Nobility, Gentry, Clergy, Foreigners of Distinction, and Female Aristocracy.*

Countess (screams). A . . . h! Pray be more careful, Sir—do you know that you are running your spur into my ankle?

General Officer. Beg ten thousand pardons, Ma'am—but really the crowd is so—Oh! oh my corn!

Judge. Stop, Sir!—my wig!—stop, Sir; I say—you've hitched that star of yours in the curls of my wig.

Ambassador. Pardon, milor, je vous demande mille pardons!—but ze kraoude—impossible—s'arrêter.

Bishop. My Lady—my Lady—oh, dear, my Lady!—your Ladyship's brooch has caught me by the sleeves!

Country Gentleman. Hallo, my Lord!—my Lord, I say!—make a little room, can't you?—you are squeezing this Lady to death.

Earl. It's not I that's pushing—it's this gentleman—

Baronet. No, it is'nt!

Earl. Yes, it is!

Marchioness. Oh! oh!—I've lost my diamonds.

Viscountess. Ah!—my lace—my lace!—

Dowager. Ah, drat it! there goes my lappets!

Alderman. The hilt of your sword is in my stomach Sir—which is not pleasant, Sir.

Sheriff. It is your own fault, Sir! I'm not to blame Sir, because your stomach's in the way, Sir.

American Gentleman. Go a-head, now, you !

Duke. To whom are you speaking, Sir ?

American Gent. Wal, I guess I'm talking to a man in the way.

Liberal Member. Will you have the kindness to move on, Sir ?

Conservative Member. Confound your politics !

Noble Lords and Honorable Gentlemen. Oh, oh !

Omnes. Oh, oh !—ah !—ah !—oh !—oh dear !—oh my !
—mind—don't—now then ! Go on ! go on there ! Hoi !
Hai ! Ho !

[SCENE closes.]

SHORT LECTURE TO YOUNG LADIES.

HAVE a good piano, or none. Be sure to have a dreadful cold when requested to "favor the company." Cry at a wedding. Scream at a spider. Never leave your curl-papers in the drawing-room. Drop your handkerchief when you are going to faint. Mind you are engaged if you don't like your partner. Abjure ringlets on a wet day. It's vulgar to know what there is for dinner. Nuts are bad if you are going to sing. Never see a black coat as long as there is a red one, and always give the preference to the elder brother. Get married at St. George's, if you can—at all events, get married.

A ROMAN NOSE PUT OUT OF JOINT.—The Roman poet, speaking of man's frailty, says it is "human to err." But in the case of a man beating his wife, surely that is being "inhuman to her ?"

CURIOUS CHINESE DEFINITIONS OF WOMAN.



THE Strong-Minded Woman is a dragon in a nightcap.

The Stupid Woman hatches egg-plums.

The Obstinate Woman goes to sea in a handbox.

The Patient Woman roasts an ox with a burning-glass.

The Curious Woman would like to turn the rainbow, to see what there was upon the other side.

The Vulgar Woman is a spider attempting to spin silk.

The Cautious Woman writes her promises on a slate.

The Envious Woman kills herself in endeavoring to lace tighter than her neighbors.

The Extravagant Woman burns a wax candle in looking for a lucifer match.

The Happy Woman died in a Blind, Deaf and Dumb Asylum years ago.

THE WORLD'S VERDICT.—In all delicate cases where blame is due, you will generally find the following law acted upon :—the poor man is accused, the rich man is excused.

EVILS ATTENDANT ON WEALTH.—Attendants.



SENTIMENTALITIES.

WHITE hair is the chalk with which Time keeps its score—two, three, or fourscore, as the case may be—on a man's head.

Two's a secret, but three's none.

The heart-strings will snap, just like harp-strings, from excess of cold and neglect.

Good-nature is a glow-worm that sheds light even in the dirtiest places.

Man has generally the best of every thing in this world—for instance, in the morning he has nothing but the newspaper to trouble his head with, whereas poor Woman has her curl-papers.

Kindnesses are stowed away in the heart, like bags of pepper in a drawer, and sweeten every object around them!

A CASE OF CHLOROFORM.

It is mentioned in the papers that a tiger recently had its diseased nails extracted whilst under the influence of a powerful dose of chloroform. A wretched punster of our acquaintance, on being told of it, remarked that this was certainly the most extraordinary case of *claw-reform* he ever heard of!

A PHENOMENON.—A Barrister refusing his Fee.

PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK OF FUN.



Fast Nursery Rhymes.

FAST NURSERY RHYMES.

1.—*Old Mother Hubbard.*

OLD Granny Hubbard,
She went to her cupboard
To get little Jack a cake.
While she was gone,
Out got Master John
On the tiles in a wide-awake !

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a cap,
And when she came back
He had started his trap.

She went to the toyship,
To buy him a horn,
And when she came back,
He was off to Cremorne.

She went for a basin,
To set his food soaking,
But when she came back
His cigar he was smoking.

2.—*Little Tommy Tucker.*

Cut along, Tom Tucker,
Sing for his supper.
What shall he sing for ?
Not bread and butter !
Tired of Welsh rabbits and kidneys almost
What do you say to an Anchovy Toast ?

3.—*Dickety, Dickety, Dock.*

Drinkete, drinkete Hock,
We'll go and dine at the Cock,
Rump-steak and stout,
And cold without;
Drinkete, drinkete Hock.

4.—*Hide a cock-horse.*

Back a cock-horse
The country across,
And get a good jockey
To ride a cock-horse.
Cords for his breeches, and tops for his toes,
He shall have fences wherever he goes.

A LITTLE LECTURE ADDRESSED TO MY DEARS.

(By an Old Maid of the World.)

"My dears, Love is like Chancery: it's a deal easier to get into it than to get out again. There are thousands of ways for the former, but as for the latter, it can't be done, noways.

"Take my advice, my dears—never believe a man before marriage, and never trust him after it.

"If men, my dears, were to pay, like servants, for every thing they broke, they wouldn't be so fond of breaking their hearts for every pretty girl they saw. The fortune of a Rothschild couldn't stand, my dears, against such a ruinous amount of breakages. Why, I have known

man's heart to break as often as an American bank, and yet he would open the next day with the same brass plate on his face, on which you could plainly read 'ASSURANCE,' and his heart would go on issuing the same amount of false notes as before. Besides what becomes of all their *broken* hearts, I should like to know? Where do they all go to? Along with the old moons, I suppose; or they may be keeping company, there's no knowing where, with all the pins that are lost, each heart being stuck through with a pin, like the curious insects in a museum.

"There's no need to tell you, I am sure, my dears, about choosing a husband. A woman's instinct generally guides her in those little matters. But this I will tell you, that husbands differ as much as geese; but the softest, mind, is not always the worst. The softer your husband, the more pliable you will find him; and all the easier for you to twist him round your little finger. If husbands trusted more to their wives and less to themselves, there would be more happy marriages; but, until they learn what is due to our sex and are fully prepared to pay it, that happy balance will never exist in a household which to the husband should be the source of as much joy as a large balance is at his banker's; but at present the wife is not allowed to have any share or interest in the one, or to participate in the other.

"I will conclude, my dears, with giving you a few rules with regard to the choice of husbands in general; and though, my dears, I have never ventured on the stormy sea of matrimony myself" (*here the fair lecturer's voice slightly trembled with emotion*), "still I have watched

from the haven of single blessedness many of the squalls and breezes that have taken place on them, and I have derived no small knowledge from the numerous shipwrecks I have witnessed in consequence of them, and this knowledge I am only too willing to impart to all those who are anxious to embark for the United States.

"I shall confine my observations, my dears, to a small circle of my experience of men, such as I have studied them round the tea-table.

"If a man wipes his feet on the door-mat before coming into the room, you may be sure that he will make a good domestic husband.

"If a man in snuffing the candles, snuffs them out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband.

"If a man puts his handkerchief on his knees while taking his tea, you may be sure he will be a prudent husband.

"In the same way always mistrust the man who does not take the last piece of toast or Sally Lunn, but prefers waiting for the next warm batch. It is not unlikely that he will make a greedy, selfish husband, with whom you will not enjoy 'no brown' at dinner, no crust at tea, no peace whatever at home.

"The man, my dears, who wears goloshes and is careful about wrapping himself up well before venturing out into the night air, not unfrequently makes a good invalid husband that mostly stops at home, and is easily comforted with slops.

"The man who watches the kettle and prevents it from boiling over, will not fail, my dears, in his married state.

in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling.

"The man who doesn't take tea, ill-treats the cat, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you, my dears, to marry upon any consideration, either for love or money, but most decidedly not for love.

"But the man who, when the tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make the best husband. Patience like his deserves to be rewarded with the best of wives, and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man of this kind, do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first."

[Here the lecturer concluded, and the several young ladies retired to their respective avocations.]

SHE-DOCTORING.

WE learn from an American paper that DR. HARRIET HUNT has been lecturing at New York on "Woman as a Physician." DR. HARRIET would doubtless give a new reading to SCOTT'S hackneyed lines—

"Oh woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering M.D. thou."

We must say we prefer the original, "angel."

THE SECRET OF YOUTH.—A Lady never knows how young she looks, until she has had her portrait painted.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.



Elderly Spinster. "SO YOU'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED, DEAR, ARE
WELL, FOR MY PART, I THINK NINE-HUNDRED-AND-NINETY-NINE MARRIAGE
OF A THOUSAND TURN OUT MISERABLY; BUT OF COURSE EVERY ONE IS THE
JUDGE OF THEIR OWN FEELINGS."

SHABBY INGRATITUDE.—Men get drunk, and then
the fault on the wine!

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY!

BY THE SOLOMON IN ORDINARY TO THE BRITISH NATION.

I.

AN umbrella upon thine arm may make it ache, but should rain come, the umbrella will preserve thy clothes. Choose betwixt a trifling pain and a tailor's bill.

II.

Other persons were born about the same time as thyself, and have been growing up ever since, as well as thou. Therefore be not proud.

III.

Preserve few secrets from thy wife; for if she discover them she will grieve, not that thou hast kept from her thy secrets, but thy confidence.

IV.

Yet confidence may be misplaced, as when thou goest out in thin patent leathern boots, simply because the pavement before thine own door has dried.

V.

The girl who is destined to be thy wife, although now unknown to thee, is sure to be living somewhere or other. Hope, therefore, that she is quite well, and otherwise think politely about her.

VI.

Educate thy children, lest one of these fine days they educate thee in a school with no vacations.

VII.

O how good was Nature, that placed great rivers ne
great towns!

VIII.

A traveller, journeying wisely, may learn much. Y
much may also be learned by him who stays at home.

IX.

An insane person may lie to thee, and yet be innocen
and thou mayest lie to him, and be praiseworthy. No
all persons are somewhat insane, but do thou beware
lying as a general rule.

X.

Heat expands things, and therefore in hot weather th
days are lengthened. Moral heats sometimes expand th
mind, but they tend not to the lengthening of thy days.

XI.

Say not that thou knowest a book until thou hast rea
it all. Yet some books thou mayest throw aside partiall
read. Herein thou judgest a criminal unheard. Wh
then?

XII.

I do not say to thee, "Marry, for it will exalt thee,
yet was there subtle meaning in those whose usage it w
to say, "Marry, come up."

XIII.

Cool things are used to cure fever, yet the over-coo
ness of a friend's act will throw thee into heat.

XIV.

We know nothing, and yet it is knowing something to know that thou knowest nothing.

XV.

By a conceit, a certain red fly hath been called a Lady-bird, and bidden to fly away home. The counsel is good, even to her who is neither bird nor fly. There is no place like home.

XVI.

He who always holds his tongue will one day have nothing else to hold. Yet it is not good to be over-garulous.

XVII.

The weather-cock, working easily, can tell thee the way of the wind, but if the weather-cock sticks, the course of the wind will not be influenced thereby. Remember this.

XVIII.

If thy heart is in the Highlands, it is not here.

XIX.

Virtuous love is wholesome. Therefore be virtuous, to make thyself worthy of self-love. Not, of course, that thou art thereby prevented from loving somebody else.

XX.

Talk to thyself, and insist on a reply, yet not before the world, lest it think that nobody else will talk to thee.

XXI.

A cat, even if she be friendly, never approaches thee by a direct course. No more does a truth, O friend; but winding round thy stupidities, and rubbing up against thy prejudices, it reaches thee gently—and then, perhaps, scratches.

XXII.

A stitch in time saves nine. If therefore thou feelest one in thy side, be thankful, O friend.

XXIII.

Love the moon, for she shines in the night, to give us light in the dark, whereas the sun only shines in the day time, when there is plenty of light, and his assistance is not wanted. Such is the difference between real and false charity.

XXIV.

Solomon knew several things, allowing for his age, but I could teach him a few others.

A FEW SAYINGS FOUNDED ON "DOINGS."

A CAB is the madness of many for the gain of one.

Old Time may find plenty of sand for his hour-glass in any sugar cask.

Music has barrel organs to make savage the calmest breast.

What is one (sausage) man's (sausage) meat, may be *another man's* poison.

AN EXAMPLE TO YOUNG LADIES.

My face is round and fat, my nose snub, my hair sandy,
 I am corpulent and clumsy, my short legs are bandy,
 And my hands and feet are broad, my expression is stupid ;
 So except in being plump, I'm by no means a Cupid.

Just like a goose I hoped Her affection to waken,
 That She'd love me for my mind—oh, how I was mistaken !
 'Till here came a handsome Swell—your derision don't
 smother—

He became another's bride, and the Swell was that other.

In his figure, in his style, at every point, in each feature,
 He was opposite to me, poor absurd-looking creature ;
 When he dressed so very well—at the same time so neatly,
 And of course he cut me out—by his tailor—completely.

'Twas spooney in those days, I was soft, green, and sappy,
 And I cried, Oh, don't I wish she may ever be happy !
 They say that of her choice she has sorely repented,
 He may now with some one else wish that she'd been
 contented.

He told the handsome Swell whose attractions had caught
 her,
 Very soon ran through the money for which he had sought
 her ;

At her side he's never seen ; but is constant at races,
 Found in billiard-rooms and all those sort'of places.

For music they declare that she lessons is giving,
 Because he has reduced her to work for her living,

And he pockets all she earns, which he squanders in folly,
So I shouldn't think he makes her what one may call jolly.

All that's hers is his by law; and to change that condition
I hope the House won't listen to any petition;

If girls will marry Swells, honest plain young men scor-
ing,

When they are taken in, let their fate prove a warning.

LITTLE FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

WHEN a man has a very red face, it never, by any chance, arises from drink.

He who arrives late at a dinner-party, after the company is seated down to table, generally escapes from the bother of carving.

Old ideas, like old clothes, put carefully away, come out again, after a time, almost as good as new.

The first bottle is always "too dry," or "too strong," or "too thin," or else "it wants age," or "body," or "keeping," and it is only right that there should be something wanting in the first bottle, or else there never would be any improvement in the second.

Talk Scotch to a beggar, and he will soon leave you.

Always accept a seat in the carriage of the lady who has eaten no dinner; for the chances are that, as she has touched nothing since luncheon, there is a good supper waiting for her at home.

"ORDERED TO LIE UPON THE TABLE."—A Spirit-Medium.

RUDE AND CRUDE OBSERVATIONS.

BY A PLATTITUDINARIAN.

NONE of us like the crying of another person's baby.

"I won't" is a woman's Ultimatum.

No man knows when he goes to law, or gets into a cab what he will have to pay on getting out of it.

Red tape is the legal chalk with which a lawyer riddles his sheep.

If we all had windows to our breasts to-morrow, what a demand there would be for blinds!

When a man has been "drinking like a fish," it is "the salmon" always that is to blame for it.

The Truth, with "London Pure Milk," lives certainly at the bottom of a well.

Years are the milestones which tell us the distance we have travelled, but it's rarely women count them.

Conversation was hid for a long time, until it was discovered in a bag of filberts.

Some persons are fond of "opening their minds" to you, as if it were a dirty-linen bag—only to let you see the foul things that can drop out of it.

Women, when they talk of "a good figure," must mean the figure 8, for that is the figure which is the most pulled in at the middle.

The dissipations that persons resort to to drown care, are like the curtains that children in bed pull round them to keep out the dark.

The bread of repentance we eat, is often made of the wild oats we sow in our youth.



Old Lady. "NOW, ARTHUR, WHICH WILL YOU HAVE? SOME OF
PUDDING, OR SOME JAM TART?"

Juvenile. "NO PASTRY, THANK-YE, AUNT. IT SPOILS ONE'S WIT.
DON'T MIND A DEVILLED BISCUIT, THO', BY AND BY, WITH MY CLAR."
(Old Lady turns all manner of

A DROP IN THE EYE.—It has been, with some
observed by a moral writer, that drunkenness is a
sin. It does not, however, always happen that the
affected by liquor is affected to tears.

NET PROFIT.—A fisherman's.

HOUSEHOLD SONGS.—THE TEA SERVICE.

NO. 1.—THE SONG OF THE TEAPOT.

THEIR goblets of silver, their vases of gold,
 Let pleasure and luxury boast :
 To the teapot alone will philosophy hold,
 And bread will be ever its toast.

As ! 'Tis in the teapot life's type may be seen,
 Reflection should on it be fixed ;
 Existence is neither all black nor all green,
 Our joys and our sorrows are mix'd.

From the depths of the teapot there's plenty to learn,
 How adversity profit may bring ;
 At tea-time the kettle will bid us discern
 How in spite of hot water to sing.

NO. 2.—THE SONG OF THE SUGAR BASIN.

Roam—roam for years from flower to flower,
 Thou, idly busy bee !
 Thou canst not match with all thy power
 The sweets enclosed by me.

With prejudice I am not blind ;
 The sugars I contain,
 If to the tea alone confin'd,
 Were sweet, alas ! in vain.

No ! With the generous grog I'll blend,
 As with the sober tea :
 For sociality, a friend
 Will ever find in me.

NO. 2.—THE SONG OF THE MILK JUG.

I know I am a mockery,
I hate my very name;
Into the world of crockery
I know not how I came.
A milk jug is an article
They might as well put down;
For, oh! there's not a particle
Of genuine milk in town.

Far better to have given me
A name I could deserve,
Than cruelly have driven me
From truth's bright path to swerve;
For when of milk jugs trippingly
I hear them round me talk,
There trickle down me drippingly
Tears of diluted chalk.

Oh, how I hate hypocrisy!
Would I could place myself
In that enlarged democracy,
The world of common delf.
Although to fine gim-crackery
'Tis fated I belong;
No matter—"Down with quackery"
Shall ever be my song.

THE CONFESSION OF A FOND MOTHER.—Over-
gence, like too much sugar, only spoils what it was
to sweeten.

THE ELECTRIC STORY-TELLER.

WHAT horrid fibs by that electric wire
Are flashed about ! what falsehoods are its shocks !
So that, in fact, it is a shocking liar,
And why ? That rogues may gamble in the stocks.

We thought that it was going to diffuse
Truth o'er the world ; instead of which, behold,
It is employed by speculative Jews,
That speculative Christians may be sold.

Nations, we fancied, 'twas about to knit,
Linking in peace, those placed asunder far,
Whereas those nations are immensely bit
By its untrue reports about the war.

Oh ! let us rather have the fact that creeps,
Comparatively, by the Post so slow,
Than the quick fudge which like the lightning leaps,
And makes us credit that which is not so.

The calm philosopher, the quiet sage,
Fair Science thus abused to see, provokes,
Especially it puts him in a rage,
To be, himself, deluded by the hoax.

DRESSING IN AMERICA.—A young lady writes from Newport, an American watering-place, that "We have to dress about nine times a-day here." Young ladies at Newport, with their nine dresses, must be like nine-pins ; no one set up than down again.

RULES FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

BY A PRUDENT OLD GENTLEMAN.

ALWAYS sit next to the carver, if you can, at dinner.

Ask no woman her age.

Be civil to all rich uncles and aunts.

Never joke with a policeman.

Take no notes, or gold, with you to a Fancy-Bazaar—nothing but silver.

Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party.

Don't play at chess with a widow.

Never contradict a man who stutters.

Pull down the blind before you put on your wig.

Make friends with the steward on board a steamer—there's no knowing how soon you may be placed in his power.

In every strange house it is as well to inquire where the brandy is kept—only think if you were taken ill in the middle of the night!

Never answer a crossing-sweeper. Pay him, or else pass quickly and silently on. One word, and you are lost.

Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being you dye your whiskers.

Never offend a butler—the wretch has too many chances of retaliation!

Write not one letter more than you can help. The man who keeps up a large correspondence is a martyr tied not to the Stake, but to the Post.

Wind up your conduct, like your watch, once every day examining minutely whether you are "fast" or "slow."

"LUD A' MERCY! HOW PRETTY."

"THE heart of a married woman who flirts is like a rose, of which every admirer plucks a leaf, till there is nothing left for the husband but the stalk and the thorns."—*Recollections of a Fashionable Novel, in 3 vols. (of course.)*

HOW WOMEN VEIL THE TRUTH.

WHEN a woman says of another woman "she has a good figure," you may be sure that she is freckled, or that she squints, or that she is marked with the small-pox. But if she simply says, "she is a good soul," you may be morally certain that she is both ugly and ill-made.

FRESH FROM AMERICA.—There is a Quaker in Vermont who is so attached to the principles of the Peace Society, that he will not have a single flower in his garden; for "It's terrible," he says, "to walk out at this time of the year, and to see the flowers in all directions with *shooting pistils*."

A JOURNEY WITHOUT END.—Entering upon an argument with a metaphysician is like getting into an omnibus: you know where you start from, but it's impossible to tell where it will carry you.

CHARACTER OF AN HABITUAL SOT.—He was a man of no determination—except to the head.

THE "MANIFOLD WRITER."—MR. G. P. R. JAMES.



FILLING UP THE CENSUS PAPER.

Wife of his Bosom.—"UPON MY WORD, MR. PEERWITT! IS THIS THE WAY
FILL UP YOUR CENSUS? SO YOU CALL YOURSELF THE 'HEAD OF THE
FAMILY'—DO YOU—AND ME A 'FEMALE?'"

THE ART OF PERFORMING.—Promise little, that
may perform much; but if you want to perform little,
can promise as much as you like.

THE TYRANNY OF FURNITURE.

It is a folly to suppose, when a man amasses a quantity of furniture, that it belongs to him. On the contrary, it is *he who belongs to his furniture!* He is bound hand and foot by it—he is tied by the leg to his own mahogany! He cannot move anywhere without dragging his furniture after him—he cannot go abroad without previously finding a home for his furniture; he cannot be absent for any time without first taking every precaution that his furniture will be properly provided for in his absence. If he projects any little trip, the thought that always stops him at the door is, “Whatever shall I do with my furniture?”

Many a man who boasts of his freedom is the secret slave of his furniture. No man can call himself perfectly free who, whatever he does, or wherever he goes, has always to carry in his mind so many chairs and tables!

THE TWO EXTREMES OF FASHION.

FORMERLY, when ladies went out, they used to have their bonnets on; but that is no longer the case, for their bonnets are now not on, but half off. The reason generally assigned by our female acquaintance why bonnets are thus worn, is, because they are. There is, however, a somewhat more logical one to be given than this; namely, the length of the dress. Condemned by the tyranny of Fashion to screen their feet and ankles from admiration, the ladies indemnify themselves by showing as much as possible of the head.

BIRDS—NOT OF A FEATHER.

The following advertisements recently appeared on the same day, and in the order in which we have given them. We hate to use strong expressions, but we are inclined to fear that the second advertiser is a Brute.

GRAY PARROT LOST.—Flew away from a villa in St. John's Wood, on Tuesday afternoon, a lovely Gray Parrot. Is full of playfulness, and though its articulation is indistinct, it will scream and screech in the most enthusiastic manner for hours together. Any one who has found it is earnestly prayed to treat the dear thing kindly, and not to resent its biting, and, on bringing it to its disconsolate mistress, the reward of Three Guineas shall be thankfully paid. Address MRS. DE POPPETS, Acroceraunia Cottage, St. John's Wood.

GRAY PARROT LOST.—Flew away from a villa in St. John's Wood, on Tuesday afternoon, a Gray Parrot. May be known by its viciousness, its not speaking a word, and its habit of screeching in the most abominable manner, without any reason whatever. Any one who has found it, and will bring it—*stuffed*—to the undermentioned address, shall receive Four Guineas, and thanks. Address MR. DE POPPETS, Acroceraunia Cottage, St. John's Wood.

* THE EAST WIND!

LAST week, when the east wind was at its sharpest, a nursery maid, walking with her charge in the Regent's Park, had a remarkably fine baby cut into twins!

AN ART-TRUTH.—No woman ever knows how handsome *she is until she has had her portrait painted.*

GENTLE SATIRES.

If you ask a lady to walk out with you, she first looks at your dress, and then thinks of her own.

If a woman holds her tongue, it is only from fear she cannot "hold her own."

Notice, when you have accompanied your wife to buy a lot of things at her favorite shop, what ostentatious care she takes of your interest in seeing that you get "the right change."

How much more difficult it is to get a woman out on a wet Sunday than on a wet week day. Can the shut shops have anything to do with this?

The oddest mnemonic curiosity is, that a woman, who never knows her own age, knows to a half an hour that of all her female friends.

A woman may laugh too much. It is only a comb that can always afford to show its teeth.

Women will never be punctual. They scorn the "charms" that hang to a watch-chain.

THE SECRET OF POPULARITY.—Come into a fortune and then your friends will discover in you qualities of the most superlative brilliancy, the existence of which, in your moments of most intoxicated vanity, you never suspected before.

HOW ARE PROMISES MADE FAST?—By nails or pins—according as persons are in the habit of running away from their words. For instance, you nail a man to his promise, and pin a woman.

THE POETICAL COOKERY BOOK.

STEWED DUCK AND PEAS.

Air—"My Heart and Lute."

I GIVE thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the dinner be ;
Stew'd Duck and Peas are all the store
That I can offer thee.
A Duck, whose tender breast reveals
Its early youth full well ;
And better still, a pea that peels
From fresh transparent shell.

Though Ducks and Peas may fail, alas !
One's hunger to allay ;
At least for luncheon they may pass,
The appetite to stay.
If season'd Duck an odor bring
From which one would abstain,
The Peas like fragrant breath of spring
Set all to rights again.

I give thee all my kitchen lore,
Though poor the offering be ;
I'll tell thee how 'tis cook'd, before
You come to dine with me :

The Duck is truss'd from head to heels,
Then stew'd with butter well :
And streaky bacon, which reveals
A most delicious smell.

When Duck and Bacon in a mass
You in the stewpan lay,
A spoon around the vessel pass,
And gently stir away :
A table-spoon of flour bring,
A quart of water plain,
Then in it twenty onions fling,
And gently stir again.

A bunch of parsley, and a leaf
Of ever-verdant bay,
Two cloves—I make my language brief—
Then add your Peas you may !
And let it simmer till it sings
In a delicious strain :
Then take your Duck, nor let the strings
For trussing it remain.

The parsley fail not to remove,
Also the leaf of bay ;
Dish up your Duck—the sauce improve
In the accustom'd way,
With pepper, salt, and other things,
I need not here explain :
And, if the dish contentment brings
You'll dine with me again.

APPLE PIE.

AIR—"all that's bright must fade."

ALL new dishes fade—

The newest oft the fleetest ;
Of all the pies now made,
The Apple 's still the sweetest ;
Cut and come again,
The syrup upwards springing !
While my life and taste remain,
To thee my heart is clinging.
Other dainties fade—

The newest oft the fleetest ;
But of all the pies now made,
The apple 's still the sweetest.

Who absurdly buys

Fruit not worth the baking ?
Who wastes crust on pies
That do not pay for making ?
Better far to be

An Apple Tartlet buying,
Than to make one at home, and see
On it there 's no relying :
That must all be weigh'd,
When thyself thou treatest—
Still a pie home-made
Is, after all, the sweetest.

Who a pie would make,
First his apple slices ;
Then he ought to take
Some cloves—the best of spices ;
Grate some lemon rind,
Butter add discreetly ;
Then some sugar mix—but mind
The pie's not made too sweetly.
Every pie that's made
With sugar, is completest ;
But moderation should pervade—
Too sweet is not the sweetest.

Who would tone impart,
Must—if my word is trusted—
Add to his pie or tart
A glass of port—old crusted :
If a man of taste,
He, complete to make it,
In the very finest paste
Will enclose and bake it.
Pies have each their grade ,
But, when this thou eatest,
Of all that e'er were made,
You'll say 'tis best and sweetest.

HEALTH.—An indispensable requisite, for business as well as amusement, which young men spend the greater part of their money in damaging, and old men the greater part of their wealth in repairing.

AN UNMANLY ASSAULT ON BONNETS.

MR. PUNCH, as the acknowledged champion of the rights of women—(bless 'em, however right and however wrong !)—has to denounce a mean and cowardly attack, made by a medical practitioner in the human form, upon that delicate, and fairy-like fabric, the female bonnet. The dastard affects to "lament the great increase of tic-douloureux in the forehead!" He moreover bewails the predominance of "great suffering in the ear," induced, as he firmly believes, "from the present absurd fashion of dressing the neck instead of the head." And why not? The fact is, poor women have been put too much aback, too much on one side; and *Mr. Punch* cannot but look at the heroic attempt made by the dear creatures to thrust the bonnet on the shoulders, as a noble resolution to appear as bare-faced as possible. We yet hope to see a woman as far out of her bonnet as a snail can come out of her shell; and, as for tic-douloureux, earache, headache, and so forth, why, what are such calamities other than glorious? Even as soldiers carry scars in honor and memory of their valor, so may women have earache, headache, and tic-douloureux, as glorious life-long records of the courage that faced all weathers without a bonnet.

Mr. Punch hardly knows a more touching sight—a sight so convincing of the inherent energy and devotion of the sex—than to behold a beautiful fragile creature facing the east wind that, at this moment (*Mr. Punch* does not disdain to confess the weakness) makes him rejoice at the fire-side like a cricket. It is, we say, a beautiful and a touching spectacle to contemplate the young

reature, with a face relentlessly mottled by the east wind, her nose as just dabbed with a blue-bag, and the wind, like a grinding invisible steel, cutting at the very roots of the beloved one's hair, twisting like corkscrews into the hollows of her all-credulous ears, and subtly entering into the beloved anatomy, making of the nerves so many death-watches that shall *tic* and *tic*, it may be for the term of her natural life. The life may be blighted. But what of that? Can the beloved one be less precious? Quite the reverse. Even as we pay additional honor to the hero without arms or legs, so are we prepared to render deeper homage to the woman whose whole existence goes upon such *tic*. Indeed, for a woman to be truly adorable, she cannot be too rheumatic. We believe that real affection towards an object to be idolized inevitably commences with a cold. It was all very well for Venus in her own mild and balmy climate to take conserve of roses,—but the woman who would inevitably fix a man's affection in this country must begin with a mustard poultice. We have inquired of the registrars of marriage, and find that nuptials have increased in number as bonnets have lessened in size. Proceed, ladies; and may the shadows of your bonnets never be greater!

A SWEET SENTIMENT.

THERE are refined kinds of sentiment as there are of sugar; Man, for instance, takes his in the lump—hard, though easily melted with a tear; but with a woman, it is always *moist*.



Master Tom (to Old Lady who is very nervous about fire). "It's ALL RIGHT, GRANNY; THE CANDLE IS OUT. I'M ONLY SMOKING MY USUAL WEED!"

AN UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR.—The man who plants a birch tree little knows what he is conferring on posterity.

HAPPINESS is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on oneself.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE KITCHEN.

WE find, from the astronomical intelligence of the month, that, on a given day, "the moon will enter Aries." We have received several communications from cooks and others in the domestic interest, who are anxious to know, whether, as the moon is likely to enter Aries, there is any chance of the sun entering underground kitchens, to which that luminary has long been a stranger.

CONTRACTING BAD HABITS.

UNLESS you wish to contract bad habits, we should advise you not to purchase your clothes at a cheap tailor's, for, as the cloth is invariably bad, and the way of making it up generally too small, the chances are, that with every coat, waistcoat, or pair of trousers you purchase, you will be contracting a deplorable bad habit. The only consolation is, that you will have no difficulty in breaking yourself of the habit, for it is sure to break of its own accord.

THE HANDSOME YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

A trifle for the Record.

OH! did you not hear of a handsome young clergyman,
Who in his pulpit was wont for to cry?
He handled his text with such seeming sincerity,
Melting each heart and suffusing each eye.
He sighed so hard and groaned so steadily,
The ladies all flocked to his church so readily;

And he turned up his eyes with so saintly an air,
That this clergyman greatly was liked by the fair.

His features were fine, and his views Sabbatarian,

So by both young and old he was made a great pet;
What teapots and slippers this predestinarian

Young disciple of Calvin did constantly get!
He had won such credit and fame for piety,

That he had the run of the best society;
And a girl with lots of tin did pair

With this parson esteemed such a duck by the fair.

STRAY SHOT.

It is with ideas as with pieces of money, those of the
least value generally circulate the most.

A man, for being told the truth, thanks you the first
time, votes you a bore the second, and quarrels with you
the third.

A French woman talks a great deal more than she
thinks—an English woman thinks a great deal more than
she talks.

There is no adhesive label like a nickname!

Waiting for dead men's shoes is, in most measures, a
bootless affair.

Ladies generally shop in couples. When a lady has
any money to spend, she dearly loves taking a friend with
her to see her spend it.

The number of poor poets is, if any thing, greater than
the number of poets who are poor.

Bad words, like bad shillings, are often brought home to the person who has uttered them.

Life, we are told, is a journey; and to see the way in which some people eat, you would imagine that they were taking in provisions to last them the whole length of the journey.

The ducked lawyer dreads the pump.

A doctor feels the pulse each time, to let his patient see with what minute care he is keeping watch.

The Trumpet of Fame is often mute for the want of a good trumpeter to blow it for one.

THE LAUGH BEHIND THE SCENES.

THERE is a sound of hollow mirth
Bursts on the unaccustomed ear;
'Tis not the merriment of earth,
Nor laughter born of wine or beer;
'Tis not the cheerfulness of heart
That scarcely knows what sorrow means.
No, no; 'tis mirth that acts a part;
It is the laugh behind the scenes.

The laughers are not truly gay;
Their spirits are not really light;
Their mirth is the result of pay:
They laugh for eighteenpence a night.
They stand within the prompter's view,
Those JONESES, THOMSONS, BROWNS, and GREENS,
Waiting the well-remembered cue
To raise the laugh behind the scenes.

The laughter comes from hollow cheeks,
Whose deep vermilion-coated skin
Conceals, by night, the furrowed streaks
Of sorrow, groaning from within.
Not e'en a passing jest is heard,
To raise the mirth that supervenes;
The solemn prompter gives the word
That starts the laugh behind the scenes.

JONES has, perchance, a little bill
He's fiercely importuned to pay;
P'rhaps THOMSON'S wife at home lies ill;
BROWN'S infant may have died that day.
GREEN, possibly, with aching head,
Against the wing distracted leans.
No matter; they must earn their bread,
And join the laugh behind the scenes.

But all the world's a stage confest;
And laughter often has its source
In what would prove a sorry jest,
Could we but backwards trace its course.
For him the laugh would quickly turn,
Who'd ask too closely what it means;
Then do not seek too much too learn,
Or look too far behind the scenes.

THE BEST PERSONS TO KNOW.—An Undertaker is advertising a new kind of Coffin, which, he says, is "strongly recommended by the Faculty."



SICK BACHELOR.

WHAT a snug room! Every comfort is there that can make the heavy

s of time roll on as softly as possible. What a nest bed! and at the head of it he sees his mother, leaning him, parting his hair, kissing his forehead, and every time asking him in a voice through which the affection is like tears, "if he feels any better?"—he sees his mother, nature's kindest nurse, sitting up with him all night, moving if he moves, anticipating every one of his wishes, gazing into his face for hope, and smiling at him sometimes in spite of it, coaxing him, like a child, to go to sleep, and holding his hand between hers till he falls into a gentle slumber again—he sees his father coming into the room the first thing in the morning, and treading softly on his toe lest he shall awake him—he recollects what a state of anxiety it was when the Doctor paid his daily visit, and how every one waited in silence round the curlew bed, to hear what he said, and then rushed to cheer him and kiss him full of hope—he recollects all these, and

many more little incidents of love and tenderness, for they hang round his childhood, like *immortelles*, which his memory loves to "keep green."

How different his present illness ! There is no one to comfort him, to make him forget by kindness the prison-house he is confined in. His loneliness chills him. It throws a frost round every thing, and he thinks, as Adam thought when he was a Bachelor (the Bachelor days of Adam would make a most curious book) and prayed for a wife, that—

' To die must be to live alone,
Unloved, uncherished, and unknown."

The Bachelor is moved ; the rock of his egotism is softened, and it is very strange, but tears—real tears—bubble up from his heart, like water from a dried-up well in the Desert.

He rings again, and by some accident the Laundress hears him. The SICK BACHELOR has his medicine, and lays down his head grateful for it.

If he is grateful for a spoonful of medicine, what would he be for a kind word or a good dinner !

He rings the bell, but no one comes.

He turns restless in bed, looks at his watch, discovers it is time to take his medicine, but there is no one to give it him.

Persons run up and down stairs. The noise frets him, and, as it increases, he complains audibly, but there is no one to hear him.

He dozes, and forgets his fretfulness. But the next moment a heavy sound, as if some one was playing at skit-

over head, makes him start up, and again he rings the bell, and again no one answers it.

He listens, and listens, till listening becomes a pain, added to his other pains. He longs to read, but all his books are in the next room. He longs to see the paper; longs to know if there are any letters; if any one has called; and he groans and rolls about, for all these longings, not one of them gratified, seem to fill his bed with titles.

When will the Doctor call? He follows every carriage that rattles through the street, and clings to the hope that it will stop at his door, till its wheels have rounded the corner. He is sure he is much worse. He would like to look at himself, to see how many notches sickness has scored upon his face since yesterday; but there is no looking-glass in sight which he can consult as an almanac to tell him the state of the game.

He hears footsteps in the next room. A ray of thankfulness shoots like sunshine through him—it is the Doctor! He waits, and a loud rumbling of chairs, and opening and shutting of windows is all that rewards his patience. He calls, and the fall of broken glass breaks to him the painful truth that it is his Landlady!—the tenor jailer of his sick-room!

"Mary! Mary!" but Mary is old and deaf, and has quite forgotten that there is such a thing as a poor Bachelor who is waiting for his medicine. He calls as loud as he can, and the heavy sound of hoofs, but which he knows, by the feet, is the only echo that falls upon his night-capped head. Mary slams the door more violently than ever, be-

cause he is ill—and the unhappy prisoner, whose crime is single blessedness, is left alone in his condemned cell.

How he invokes blessings upon the false front of Mary! He only wishes that some day she may be ill—as ill as he is—and that it may be his lucky fate to wait upon her! Instead of medicine to do her good, he will pour out to her the vials of his wrath, made as bitter as her own ill humor; instead of soft, gentle words, to smooth her pillow, she shall have nothing but sneers and snarls to ruffle her sweet temper; instead of broths, and jellies, and “slops,” and nice delicacies, to strengthen her, he will give her oysters, sausages, lobsters, pork chops, tradesmen’s bills, and the loudest postmen’s knocks, and the noisiest Italian boys—every thing, in short, that can worry and hurt and torture an invalid.

RECIPES FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

You must do the following things, if you wish to pass a Happy New Year:—

To count five hundred before you venture to contradict your wife.

To be careful, when you are asked for your advice (especially by an Irishman), how you give it.

To praise every baby that is brought up to you for exhibition.

To take twice of pudding, if you are told the mistress of the house has had a hand in the making of it.

To decline in the politest manner being appointed arbitrator in any matrimonial quarrel.

mind your own business, or if you have no business, to make it your business to leave the business of alone.

be cautious how you sit next to a lady of an uncertain green spectacles and inky fingers, and who sets her hair to get up an intellectual forehead.

pay no visits to such persons as never return them;

to your Lawyer, your Pawnbroker, your Physician, Magistrate, your Commissioner in the Court of Bankruptcy or Insolvency, much less your Judge in any Central, Criminal, County, Common Law, Consistory, Chancery, or otherwise.



“RUN, BILL—RUN AND BRING HISABELLER!—HERE’S A CHIMLEY
A-FIER!!”



THE LAW OF DOMESTIC STORMS.

By a long series of observations it has been found that Domestic Storms, like other storms, are rotatory; or, in other words, they move in a circle, and come round at regular intervals. The Domestic Storm, as we have already seen, rages frequently very high at about Christmas time, when the trade winds are prevalent. There is reason to believe that these trade winds, which come in counter directions, are preceded by much heavy swelling, and by the extreme latitude into which the master has been driven by the eccentric action of his craft. This was the case in the instance of the *Eliza*, which, after being first set in motion by gentle airs, gave her head completely to the wind, and the mate lost all control over her. An extract from his log—or diary—is full of instruction for those to whom the Law of Domestic Storms is a matter of interest.

Monday.—Light breeze, with a cloudy aspect.

Tuesday.—Her head beginning to turn. All sorts of ills. Nothing in view.

Wednesday.—Objects more clear. Difficulty in keeping her from running on to bank. Stormy at night. Squalls, and appearance altogether threatening.

Thursday.—Inclined to be more calm. Changed her tack. Received a slight check. Towards night stormy again. Spoke Policeman, A 1, but could render no assistance.

Friday.—Hurricane continued all day. Split her stays. Squally at night. Carried away the sheet, and went over on her larboard side.

Saturday.—Violent gusts. Her head carried away, everything dashed to pieces, and every attempt to "wear" the craft quite unsuccessful. Tried to overhaul her; but she became so unmanageable, that cutting away from her was the only chance of safety. Succeeded in getting clean off, and left her to her fate, when she was seen at a distance to be brought to of her own accord rather rapidly.

Domestic Storms do not always proceed from the highest points, but frequently arise from the lowest; and some curious phenomena have been remarked under-ground, where a sort of blowing-up begins, such as may be sometimes noticed in Cook and other great authorities. These storms are often preceded by the sudden carrying away of stores, and by the accumulation of a sort of dripping in the hold, which, when called to the attention of the master, causes him to prepare for a hurricane.

Some remarkable facts are mentioned by travellers as accompanying storms, such as showers of fish falling on

never before thought of collecting together the results of his experience.

He had observed that the various domestic storms he had encountered, as mate of a very troublesome craft, though sometimes sudden and furious, had generally some determined cause, and frequently took the same direction, by concentrating towards himself all their violence.

He resolved, therefore, on keeping a log, or journal, in which he noted down, from hour to hour, the state of the craft to which he acted as mate—with the nominal rank of commander. He described her condition under a slight breeze, her behavior in rough weather, the effect produced upon her by all sorts of airs; and, in fact, he collected such information, that he thought any judicious mate, attached to a similar craft, would find little difficulty in her management.

One of the curiosities of this domestic experience, is the fact, that the same hurricanes prevail at about the same periods of the year; and it is remarkable, that though the wind seems to be raised with immense difficulty about Christmas time, domestic storms are most prevalent at that period.

These storms are not felt to operate so severely on those who are provided with a heavy balance, which prevents the agitating influence of those fearful ups and downs which are met with at the time alluded to.

Those who are protected by the shelter of a bank are comparatively safe in these storms; though the less substantial craft, unable to meet an unusually heavy draft,

will frequently be found incapable of keeping the head above water.

It is a singular fact, that domestic, like other storms, prevail in circles; and, indeed, there is no circle in which they are not to be found; for they visit the family circle, the higher circles, and the lower circles, with almost equal regularity.

A thorough understanding of the domestic hurricane is of course invaluable to a master having the charge of one of the weaker vessels, for it enables him to perceive the storm coming on, and to pass out of it. A domestic storm is generally preceded by a great deal of puffing and blowing, which leads more or less gradually to a regular blow up; and the craft will frequently begin to heave in every direction. Some masters endeavor to meet the storm by heaving to; but this often doubles, without subduing its violence. The damage done during a domestic storm of this nature is always very great, and a family wreck is not unfrequently the sad consequence.

The numerous different airs that prevail, and form, as it were, the elements of a domestic storm, would form a long and lamentable chapter of themselves; but we give the heads of a few of the principal. Sometimes a storm begins with trifling airs, but these often increase suddenly to a squall of the most alarming character. Sometimes a storm commences with vapors, which by degrees dissolve into moisture, and a squall springs up, accompanied by torrent of tears rushing down the face of nature, or ill-nature with fearful fury. A storm of this kind passes over more quickly than some of the other sorts, though it

craft often goes right over on her beam ends; and, under these circumstances, if allowed to lay-to for a time, she will most probably right of herself, without the mate or master taking any trouble. If he is timid, he will probably begin to try and bring the craft round, by taking her out of stays, cutting away her rigging, or some other desperate process; but the best way is to leave her alone, though it is sometimes justifiable to dip her jib well into the water, for the purpose of keeping her steady. If the domestic storm threatens to be disagreeably durable, and the squall continues, it may be advisable to lower the gaff, by reefing the throat-rope or cap-string under the jaws, and make all taut and quiet. This process is termed, in nautical phraseology, bending a spanker; and there is no doubt that the most formidable spanker may be bent by a firm adoption of the plan suggested. If she labors much, you can ease the throat-rope, so as to give room for every thing to work fairly aloft; but if you see a squall getting up, clew her down immediately.

LUNACY AND LONGEVITY.

LUNATICS live proverbially to a good old age, and one of the proverbs, upon which the fact is founded, is, we suppose, the old household truism, that "*Cracked vessels last the longest.*"

SHE-HEROIC RESOLUTION.—A Young Lady (of the age of six-and-thirty) declared the other day, in strictest confidence, to her maid-servant, that she would sooner dye than let a *single gray hair* show itself.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE

SCENE—*The outside of* MOCKLER, FLY-TRAP, & Co.'s, *Fur, Shawl and Mantle Warehouse, &c., &c.* *The windows barred with bands of all colors, and running at all angles inscribed, "Selling off, fifty per cent. below prime cost," "Enormous Bargains," "Ruinous Sacrifice," "Must get rid of at any Price," "Grand clearance Sales," "An immense number of Bankrupts' stocks." Bills of similar delusive import are stuck about every part of the shop. The goods exhibited in the windows display small tickets of impassioned description, such as, "R  cherch  ," "Mode," "Just out," "Just in," "The last thing in Paris," "Chaste," "How elegant!" "Refined Splendor," "Irresistible!" "Quite the thing!" "Peccable taste," "Original," "Highly becoming," "Acknowledged by all!!" Female outer garments, of a general resemblance in shape, but a singular and recondite variety in name, ticketed with startling titles, and more startling prices. The "Camail des Carmelites, only   1 10s." The "Pard Popin court,   2 2s.!!" The "R  dingote Rusniak, throughout with real sables, at   10.—A bargain!" "Burnous    la Bou-Maza, from the balls of the Elys     3 10s." Mantles, Mantellas, Mantelets, Mantel Bearskins, Burnouses, Bougainvilles, Bressets, Cam Camailkas, Cardinales, Crachouras, Cote-hardies, Pardessus, Pekins, Ponchettes, Ponchons, Polkas, R  gotes, Visites, Vitchouras, and others, too numerous to enumerate, and too difficult to pronounce, are fixed up for the admiration of passengers. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE, gazing into the window, fascinated by a gorgeous and barbaric shawl ticketed, *Real India at   2 10s.*"*

Unprotected Female (thinks). Well, that is the sw

cheapest, thing I ever *did* see! Oh, I think it would me me uncommonly. And I could afford it out of my lends. But then, perhaps, I oughtn't? Oh, yes! I. (*She goes to enter the shop, but starts back in or at a very amorphous and mangy Lion, which rds the entrance, balanced by an equally distorted and y leopard at the opposite door-post.*) Oh, gracious! t's that? Oh, it's only stuffed. (*She enters the shop. e changes to the interior of the Establishment.*)

MOCKLER is keeping an eye to the Fur Department.

FLY-TRAP walks up and down the Shawl and Mantle Department, in a Napoleonic manner, with his hands behind him, and his eyes before him, behind him, and in every direction, at the same time. The "Co." is in a small raised glass case, keeping guard over the Cashier, and checking the Entries. The shop is filled with ladies; and young "gents," in white ties and tender manners, are "shaving" them.

Unprotected Female (rather appalled by the splendid e on which things are carried on). Oh! if you se—

Fly-Trap (with lordly obsequiousness). A chair the lady. Now, madam, what department? Our stock urs is extensive and unique. We are sole agents to all companies every where. Winter furs, Ma'am, no doubt? KINS, this lady to the Fur Department, im-mEDIATELY.

Unprotected Female (drawing her breath which has taken away, by MR. FLY-TRAP's douche of words). please—it's not furs. It was a shawl in the window.

Fly-Trap. MR. FRIBBLE—a chair for the Shawl and Mantle Department, im-mediately.

[*The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is chaired to the counter by one of "OUR YOUNG MEN."*]

Young Man (*letting himself down confidentially and sweetly over the counter to a level with the UNPROTECTED FEMALE's face, and leaning on his knuckles*). Now if you please, what can we have the pleasure of selling you to-day? [With tender intonation]

Unprotected Female. Oh, if you please, there's a shawl in the window—

Young Man. Certainly, Mem. (*Whipping up shawls on the counter and tossing them into a treacherous sea of Paisley Lyons, and Norwich India fabrics*). Very superior article in Lyons and India. A sweet little shawl in this in Oriental style—folds into twenty-four—gorgeous—quite suits your complexion, Mem—(*performs various feats of legerdemain with the shawls*)—stout material—cleans beautifully—look under the light, Mem—gloss! and the design our own—that is—our Indian designer—we keep three in Cashmere and two at Lahore in a delicious arrangement. (*Folds, unfolds, tosses, twitches, flashes into the light, flirts into the air, wreathes, unwreathes, and then pauses to watch the effect with intense sensibility.*) At twelve twelve, I only—!

Unprotected Female (*praying inwardly for strength to resist temptation*). Oh! they're charming, but, please, I don't want them. It's the one in the window marked "real India, at £2 10s."

Young Man. Beg pardon, Mem. (*Whips another on to counter of articles very inferior to the decoy dl.*) This is the article at £3 8s—Real India—an nous bargain—we couldn't do it if it hadn't been for Punjaub Victories—de-licious—and go with that bon-weetly. (*He becomes painfully impressed with the ty of the shawl.*) Lovely, indeed, Mem.

Inprotected Female (*going through various testing issues of manipulation known only to females*). Oh, his isn't the same material at all.

Young Man. Begging parding, Mem, from the same—same shipment—if any thing, superior. *With an al to her candor.*) Now at £3 10s.—it's throwing away! Let me put it up!

Inprotected Female. But it's not so good as the one e window.

Young Man (*with a smile of superiority*). Ex-cuse Mem—shall we say £3 8s.

Inprotected Female. But the one in the window is £2 10s.

Young Man (*winks at FLY-TRAP*). You really *must* let out it into your carriage—

Inprotected Female (*flattered*). Oh, I've not got a age. But if you please, I'd like that one in the win-

Fly-Trap (*sharply and significantly, as customers go out shaved*). Door! [*A porter immediately plants his steps in front of the door inside, and begins cleaning the shop fanlight with preternatural care, completely blocking up the door-way.*]

Fly-Trap (coming up blandly). It's the same—madam—positively the same article—but of finer. We put the worst in the window.

Unprotected Female. Oh, no, indeed—it was better than any of them.

Fly-Trap. KNIPPER, show the lady the window in India at two-ten. (*A shawl is produced, which, by a sleight of hand, has been exchanged for the decoy in its progress from window to counter.*) A very nice article you will observe, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female. Oh, but that wasn't the one I saw.

Fly-Trap (deeply wounded in his feelings). That's a respectable establishment, Ma'am—and your word is actionable, I believe, before witnesses.

Unprotected Female (in agony at the notion of her word being actionable). Oh, I'm sure I don't mean to do anything wrong—perhaps, haven't you made a mistake, Sir, or some of the gentlemen?

To the Gents who are clustering round, and who, by their tenderness, are chilling into the sternness of conviction the unprotected female.

Fly-Trap (freezingly). I beg to observe we don't make mistakes in this establishment—I believe not, gentlemen.

[*Looking round the young men, who agree with him.*]

Unprotected Female (humbly). Oh, then, perhaps I'm wrong—but I don't want any thing, please—so I'll go. [Exit.]

Fly-Trap. Go—Ma'am! Come into a respectable tradesman's, and rumple his goods, and insinuate a

his honesty, and not buy any thing! Go—indeed! How do I know what you came for?

Unprotected Female (piteously). Oh, indeed, it was the real India at two-and-ten, and I *would* have bought one, if you'd shown me any—but you haven't—so I'd rather go.

[*Glances towards the door, as meditating a rush, but the Porter's blockade is still rigorously kept up.*]

Fly-Trap. We don't know parties—but we lose a many articles by parties pretending to buy, and not buying.

[*With a look of awful suspicion.*]

Unprotected Female (in an agony of serious alarm). Oh no—I'm not—indeed, I've no pockets on—you can—no you can't—but I'm not.

Fly-Trap. KNIPPER, look out if there's a policeman.

Unprotected Female (clasping her hands). Oh, what for? Whatever have I done?

Fly-Trap. Shop-lifting is very common by parties pretending to be customers.

Unprotected Female. Oh, but I can prove who I am.

Fly-Trap. Parties being strangers and no reference asked—but if you purchase—of course—

Unprotected Female. Oh, I'll purchase any thing—but indeed they're an inferior article.

Fly-Trap. One of the real India at three-and-eight for the lady, MR. FIBBET.

Unprotected Female (to herself). Oh, it's a shocking proposition! (JONES suddenly passes the shop.) Oh, here's MR. JONES! (She makes a bolt at the door, nearly upsetting the Porter, and, jamming herself very tight

between the legs of his step-ladder, makes signals of distress to JONES.) Oh, MR. JONES—do, please, MR. JONES.

[Enter JONES. Consternation of FLY-TRAP, sudden relapse into general obsequiousness, and SCENE closes on the consequences.]

MAINE MODEL LAW.

THE frequent occurrence of accidents from fire-arms suggests the question whether it would not be possible, at the cost of a little self-denial to a portion of the public, to prevent these deplorable casualties altogether.

The means by which this desirable purpose might there is every reason to believe, be fully accomplished would be the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of gunpowder for any purposes but those of Government.

It is true that we are not as yet in possession of any statistical facts tending to show that abridgement of the facilities for the purchase of this dangerous substance in any locality has been attended by a proportionate decrease of the deaths, mutilations, and other bodily injuries, arising from its incautious use on an average during a given period in that locality. Official and other returns, however, have clearly established that a decided diminution of cases of drunkenness on Sundays has attended the partial restrictions which have been imposed on the supply of intoxicating liquors: and it is not, perhaps, jumping too hastily to a conclusion to infer that, if no such drinks were allowed to be sold at all, the result would be a very general, if not a total, cessation of inebriety. If this inference be al

it must also be admitted that the analogous measure putting a stop to the trade in an explosive compound at least, greatly limit the frequency of explosions. The Maine Liquor Law is said to answer well; and persons are of opinion that a similar law would answer equally well here. Unquestionably. So would a Powder Law; a law forbidding all dealings in Gunpowder. Let us have such a law then: the sooner the

Why not put that "villainous saltpetre" under a ban as well as that pernicious alcohol? How many an individual has been embittered for life; how many a family bereaved of its only support; how many wives, children, have had to mourn the frightful and fatal consequences which legislation, by intercepting their cause, have rendered impossible!

What valid reason can be assigned for the practice of bagging? It is notorious that partridges, pheasants, hares, woodcocks and snipe, may be easily procured, for the adornment of the table, by catching them in nets and snares, or simply knocking them on the head as they lie. As to the idea that the sport affords healthful exercise, surely some amount and kind of exercise might be taken by bagging through heath, turnips, and stubble, or over wooded fields, with a large stick instead of a gun. The exhilaration attendant on the act of striking down a bird on the wing, or a quadruped running, doubtless will be cheerfully resigned, when it is considered how great a violation of human life and limb will be the reward of the sacrifice.

the principle gains ground of legislating to prevent

the misuse or abuse of a thing by interdicting its use, will perhaps come to be considered whether we had better abolish penknives, because they sometimes cut fingers, and are no longer necessary now that we have steel pens. The moustache movement also will be rendered imperative on the part of every man, since it is possible to get on well enough without shaving, but that operation cannot be performed without razors, and every body will be precluded from obtaining those instruments because some persons, if they got them, would commit suicide with them. Laws will ultimately be passed for depriving us of the ability to gratify any inclination which can be gratified improperly.

A FITTING INVITATION.

It wasn't such a bad notion on the part of the *Gentleman* who hung up in his glove-shop the following placard:—

"10,000 HANDS WANTED IMMEDIATELY!"

And under it was written in very small characters,

(To buy my Gloves—the very best quality).

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.—A Lady has no occasion when she has a new bonnet, to buy any bonnet trimmings for it; for she has only to take it to church the first Sunday, and her friends are sure to trim it well for her.

AN OLD PROVERB IMPROVED.—A Wink is as good a Nod to a Blind Auctioneer.

BOOK-KEEPING TAUGHT IN ONE LESSON.—Don't let them!



THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

[From an Original Drawing by our Little Boy.]

SEVERITY OF THE SEASON.—A cynical old bachelor overhearing a small wag in his remark, the other evening, that a lady in a waltz and a fashionable petticoat was only to be likened to a travelling circus, had the brutal effrontery to add an observation that the resemblance alluded to was not alone in point of magnitude, but was carried out still further by the aggravating fact of there being in both cases a fool in the centre.

THE POETRY OF NATURE.—At present, like a quantity of modern poetry, it is, in most of its branches, only so many dead *Leaves* covered with Rime.

FUNNY MARKET AND WITTY INTELLIGENCE.



GLOOMY feeling was caused by the rumour of the failure of one of the oldest jokers in the City. The fact is, that the trade has been for some time thoroughly inundated with his jokes, and he has long been dealing in accommodation jokes, got up between him-

self and another, whose name we will not at present mention. Their dealings were almost entirely in chaff, and the Millers—JOE—and company, into whose books they had gone very deeply—will be the chief sufferers.

There was an arrival to-day of conundrums and other dry goods, specimens of which were handed about rather freely. Several parcels were consigned to the *Punch Office*, but few are above the average. The following are the best quotations:—

“If figs are sold at sixpence a pound by the ‘drum,’ how should they be sold by the trumpet?”

“If £8 per ton is the price of lead in sheets, what would it be worth in quires?”

The market was well supplied with small yarn, some of which was about equal to the following:—

“An individual says that the following translation

ick him (it would have served him right had it knocked
down) during a three hours' journey from Kensington
the City:—*Nemo omnibus horis sapit*, No one knows
times of an omnibus."

There has been a perfect glut of the lower quality of
offs, which are offered at any price, but the dealers would
ve nothing to do with them. The following will suffice
show the kind of article that some unprincipled persons,
ding on such capital as may be found in the alphabet,
desirous of foisting on the community. "How," asks
e of these unprincipled adventurers, in a recent circular,
How can you express in four units that food is necessary
man?—1. 0. 2. 8., One—ought—to—eat," is the reply
hazards. We are not sure that an indictment for try-
g to get funny under false pretences would not lie against
e person thus committing himself; or, at all events, for
ssing a counterfeit joke, as the following goes to show a
cond case of uttering:

"Why is a conspiracy like a chicken walking?—Be-
use it's a fowl proceeding!"

There can be no doubt that the person capable of hatch-
g a thing of this sort deserves to be completely beaten
with eggs in the nearest pillory.

There had been no packet from the Isle of Dogs when
went to press; and a funny dog we had expected from
at quarter has accordingly not arrived.

The following has just been growled out to us by a
any dog of our own, who, with his MS., has been com-
tted at once to the kennel:

"Why is a bald man like an invalid?—Because he wants fresh (h)air."

An order came in during the day for five thousand articles equal to the following sample:—

"Why is a man who does not bet, as bad as a man that does?—Because he's no better."

The commission was taken by the respectable firm of WAGG & Co., at 2½ths, which is somewhat under the old figure.

There have been one or two small failures in the Funny Market during the week, but the transactions of the parties were so small, that their paper had scarcely any circulation.

A gloomy feeling was created by the following:—

"Why is a hotel-keeper making a fire at the gable-end of his house like a man drinking gin?—Because he's warming his in-n-side!"

A still further despondency ensued, when one of the oldest jokers in the trade offered to supply any quantity equal to the following, at an eighth lower than last week.

"Why is an errand-boy like an old horse put up to auction?—Because he'll go for what he'll fetch."

After this it will be dangerous to keep the reader any longer in the oppressive atmosphere of the Funny Market, and we accordingly release him from his painful position.

THE CONVERSATION OF FLOWERS.

Do flowers converse? Yes, certainly; or else what is the meaning of "Flowers of Speech?" Besides, we have *standing* proof of the conversation of a flower in its (s)talk

A LOVE-SONG OF THE MONEY-MARKET.

I WILL not ask thee to be mine,
Because I love thee far too well ;
Ah ! what I feel, who thus resign
All hope in life, no words can tell,
Only the dictate I obey
Of deep affection's strong excess,
When, dearest, in despair, I say
Farewell to thee and happiness.

Thy face, so tranquil and serene,
To see bedimmed I could not bear,
Pinched with hard thrift's expression mean,
Disfigured with the lines of care,
I could not brook the day to see
When thou would'st not, as thou hast now,
Have all those things surrounding thee
That light the eye and smooth the brow.

Thou wilt smile calmly at my fear
That want would e'er approach our door ;
I know it must to thee appear
A melancholy dream : no more.
Wilt thou not be with riches blest ?
Is not my fortune ample too ?
Must I not, therefore, be possessed,
To feel that dread, of devils blue ?

Alas ! my wealth, that should maintain,
My bride in glory and in joy,
Is built on a foundation vain,
Which soon a tempest will destroy.
Yes, yes, an interest high, I know
My capital at present bears ;
But in a moment it may go :
It is invested all in shares.

The company is doomed to fall,
Spreading around disaster dire,
I hear that the Directors all
Are rogues—the greatest rogue thy Sire !
Go—seek a happier, wiser mate,
Who had the wit to be content
With the returns of his estate,
And with Consols at Three per Cent !



PUNCH ON CRICKET.

THE Game of Cricket, though very ancient, is not quite old as the hills; for the hills are naturally inclined against a sport requiring a level surface. Cricket is a promoter of cheerfulness and hospitality; for it causes one player to open his gate to another, and invite him, in a humble sense, to take an innings at his homely wicket. The achievements of the bat are frequently celebrated by ball; and even enemies who have met as bowlers, have been known to forget in the bowl all their animosity. It is not important to know the precise date at which Cricket was introduced, who set up the earliest wicket, or was the first to stir his stumps in this country.

In a MS. dated 1344, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, a woman is represented in the act of giving a ball to a man; while in the background are several tall and little women trying, as so many long stops and short stops, to catch the ball; but they are all ugly, and there does not seem to be any great catch amongst them.

The game familiar to our eyes, and much too familiar to our heads, known in the streets as Cat, is believed to be the origin of Cricket—which was formerly known as Cat and Dog; but, as the passing stranger, or the pane of glass, forms the wicket aimed at in this case, the game is only popular with the more mischievous portion of the venial community.

In modern times Cricket is the favorite game with the soldier, the sailor and the clergyman; among each of which class there are many who learn the art of long stop-

ping while waiting for promotion or preferment; and who, though they may have often had the ball at their feet, get, somehow or other, bowled out in the long run. For these trials of life, Cricket is an excellent preparative; and it is said on the authority of CAPTAIN GORDON, that on the eve of Waterloo, some of the officers were amusing themselves with the bat, while others were dancing at a ball.

It is a curious fact that the antiquarians have not yet tried a turn at Cricket, for though they have groped among the foundations of almost every thing, the brick-bat is the only bat they have hitherto taken in hand.

We, in a spirit of deeper veneration for antiquity, have explored a wider field in the hope of finding it a Cricket field, and having taken a walk with old SUIDAS—we fancy we hear the reader asking who is SUIDAS? but let that pass—we have stumbled over a species of Cricket being played under the classical name of Cottabos in a retired corner of Greece. In this game a piece of wood stuck in the ground enabled the Athenians to put up a stump without much expense, and being stumped up to this extent, another piece of wood placed horizontally, completed a cheap and effective wicket. A dish hung down from each end, but instead of a ball, the player threw with a vessel full of wine; and thus the game might be termed, to a certain extent, a game of bowls.

Cricket can only be played by men of excellent temper, who are willing, like HAMPDEN, to fall in the field, who can submit cheerfully to the chances of battery from the bat, and of assault from the ball. The game is essentially English; and though our countrymen carry it abroad

wherever they go, it is difficult to inoculate or knock it into the foreigner. The Italians are too fat for Cricket, the French too thin, the Dutch too dumpy, the Belgians too bilious, the Flemish too flatulent, the East Indians too peppery, the Laplanders too bowlegged, the Swiss too sentimental, the Greeks too lazy, the Egyptians too long in the neck, and the Germans too short in the wind.

A good Cricketer must have an eye as sharp as a needle, a hand as tough as a thimble, and a leg as light as a bodkin. Russia should be able to produce no leather equal to his lungs, and India should not show a rubber half so elastic as his muscles. He should have an eye as steady as glass, with a frame of iron, and his limbs should be a study to the limner. With these qualifications, we may hope to make him a Cricketer.

AN EXTREME TEST.

If you wish to ascertain the temper of a young lady, look at her nails, and the tips of her gloves. If they are ragged and much bitten, you may be sure she is peevish, irritable, quarrelsome, and too ready to show her teeth at the smallest provocation. This is an infallible test that every ill-tempered young lady carries at her finger's-ends. Do not attempt to kiss such a young lady under the mistletoe.

THE affectionate heart thinks it good to have two strings to its bean; the volatile, two beaux to its string. *Punch to the fair reader.* Affectionate or volatile?)

RUDE QUESTIONS TO A WIFE.



H! tell us, do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had given your husband cold meat for dinner? Did you not feel ashamed, and angry with yourself, and vow that you would never do so again?—Do you mean to say you have never searched your husband's pockets? Have you not blushed a papal scarlet when you found that they contained only some cigar-ends, a musty glove or two, a few halfpence well *paned* with biscuit crumbs, and,

perhaps, an old playbill?—Can you, also, lay your hand upon the tea-caddy, and solemnly declare that you have never, on any rare occasion, opened one of the poor innocent's letters? and have you not been ready to cry with vexation, when you found that your suspicions had been roused by nothing better than a tailor's piteous application for money?—Do your powers of recollection enable you to give impartially the secret history of every "sick Head-ache," that has prevented your coming down to dinner? and, also, is your memory strong enough to describe the various remedies that have been employed before the same

l, or would, be relieved?—Have you never, in a fit of uncontrollable indignation, threatened to go home to your mamma? and can you, without much prejudice, inform us what was to blame in each instance for such provocation? Have you any thing to reproach yourself with regard to the same “mamma?” She is an excellent woman, of course; but was it the best policy, do you think, to have her so incessantly in the house? or, granting that necessarily it prudent, or kind, do you imagine, to make all arrangements of the house subservient to her comfort? to neglect your husband’s wants to attend to her whims and fancies? And again, we must put to you the question, whether, on second reflection, it would not have been, perhaps, better to have denied her the very free use of that black paint that she delighted in besmearing her husband with every day from head to foot? and we must put to you whether the result of those *noirceurs* was not to make out your husband (supposing he was already a little bit of a “black sheep”) to be a thousand times blacker than there was any humane occasion for?—Have you never purposely mislaid—in other words, hid—the key of the cellarette, when your husband brought home a few friends to supper?—Have you never, when an invitation has come that your husband was particularly anxious you should accept, equivocated just a little by saying that “you had not a gown to go in?” and was not the effect of such equivocation, if we might be allowed to hint at a thing, to put your husband’s well known generosity to the test?—Talking of dresses, do you recollect that beautiful *moire antique* that you saved by a beautiful

financial *coup de main* out of the pies and puddings? Was it fair to the poor fellow when he is so fond of gooseberry-pudding, and you know he has said over and over again that he could dine off cherry-tart?—Are you quite sure that the cook does not know how to cook tripe? or is it because you think it vulgar—or because you do not like it yourself—that you always refuse to let your husband have some for supper?—Which is the most advisable, do you think, to allow smoking at home, or to drive your husband out of doors to have his cigar elsewhere?—And, when he has come home late and tired, do you think it kind, or generous, to pester him with a long string of questions as to where he has been? and what he has been doing? and whether he is not ashamed of himself? and whether it would not be better for him to spend his money on his family? &c., &c., &c., all of which questions he could answer a thousand times better in the morning? and lastly, we will ask you, supposing you wanted to go to sleep, how would you like it yourself?

FEMALE CLAIMANTS FOR BOREDOM.—THE French boast of an authoress of the name of MADAME BAWR, and her reputation is decidedly great. But, then, what is one BAWR in the literature of a country? Why, amongst our female writers there is no end to the Bores! and look at American literature! Can you possibly imagine a greater BAWR than FANNY FERN?

TAXIDERMY FOR PARENTS.—If you want to preserve your children, do not stuff them.

THE SHOPS AT CHRISTMAS.

ey blaze out on the Winter night, how warmly and
w cheerfully !
ungers feed their eyes at them, how small boys peep
rance and fearfully !

overty, heart-sick for work, beguiles perforce its
gry leisure
azing through those windows sadly, at their pomp,
d pride, and pleasure !

se velvets, darkly damasked, TITIAN-like, so warm
d mellow ;
of Indian woof barbaric, barred with black, and
l, and yellow ;
d satins gem-like changing, filmy gauzes flung in
owers,
; winding, rainbow-hued, like tropic snakes through
pic flowers.

another, through its curtains see those nimble
ds preparing
d satin, gauze and velvet, into forms for ladies'
ring—

of women's weapons, hung with killing caps and
nets,
frames for many a face that, thanks to them, may
mpt its sonnets.

e goldsmith's gorgeous window, all with precious
tals glowing,
chalice, frosted flagon, stately candelabra showing ;

Mellow gold of ancient fashion, flashing bracelets, bronzes
sober ;
Stately mazers, telling tales of ruby wine or brown
October.

Then the grocer's spicy store-house, tempting poor men's
Christmas money,
Crystal sugar, candied citron, clotted currants, raisins
sunny,
With its porcelains quaintly figured, chests and caddies,
and devices,
Brute and human Chinese monsters, and the well-penned
cards of prices.

Then the glory of the Twelfth Cakes what words may
suffice for telling ?
Or the blue rosetted prize-joints, with their tallowy moun-
tains swelling ?
Or the poulterer's, turkey tapestried ; or the oyster-shops,
where study
Gets perplexed amid the barrels, and the rows of lobsters
ruddy ?

Yes, the Christmas shops are splendid, and to all the senses
cheering,
Though the fog be hanging yellow, or the sleet through
streets careering ;
And there is a wholesome pleasure to our hard-worked
English reason,
With all gifts of man's contriving thus to grace the joyous
season.

There's not well to pass a moment from the wares and
wealth we write of,
To some sights and scenes that Christmas joy should,
least of joys, make light of?
From the shops turn to the streets, and mark, amid their
motley thronging,
The many shrunken cheeks, whereto there seems no joy
belonging.

See that man, with wife and children, creeping separate
and sadly,
Ever looking at those splendors, or if glancing, glancing
madly;
As if cursing all that wealth that spares no penny from
its heaping,
To help them to more food and clothes, and fire, and place
for sleeping.

That gorgeous velvet, that makes pale all tissues where
they've laid it—
That if the weaver's passing by, whose wasted fingers
made it?
How richly brodered are those scarves; but think of her
who, sighing,
sews the sore stitches—o'er her work for hunger slowly
dying.

Capital vies with capital, to add wonders to our city,
Each underbidding each, without remorse, or ruth, or
pity;

Still doth labor crowd the market, and still takes the
task that's proffered—

Curses, and works, and curses still the less'ning pittance
offered.

And so about our splendors hangs a blight that spreads
till neither

Employer or employed is found, but each is wroth with
either;

Till no love remains of high to low—no trust of low in
higher,

And the more we grasp the golden fruit, the abyss yawns
ever nigher.

Yes, these are sorry thoughts to be haunting Christmas
season,

For lack of human brotherhood is to Christmas special
treason;

When Love to man did light on earth, and there was joy
in heaven—

Oh, for the spirit of that time more English hearts to
leaven!

WHEN GROG MAY BE TAKEN MEDICINALLY.

*(As soon as the Law for the Prohibition of the Sale of Liquors comes into
operation.)*

Grog may be taken medicinally:

After goose, or duck, or pork, or Irish stew, or any
delicacy of the season, into which onions may have season-
ably entered.

variably after salmon.

When there is any washing being done at home.

When the painters are in the house.

When a person feels faint, and doesn't know what is better with him.

When a friend turns up after an absence of several years, or when you are parting with a friend whom you expect to see for several years.

When a person has the toothache.

When a person has lost at cards, or when a person has won a large property.

When a person has met with a large misfortune, or has made a tremendous bargain.

When a person has quarrelled, and when a reconciliation has taken place.

When a person is riding outside a stage-coach, or is on a voyage, or goes out between the acts of a five-act play, or before ascending in a balloon; or after coming out of a Coroner's Inquest, or when you are sitting with your wife, or when a friend drops in to smoke a pipe—and in fact, upon all suitable occasions of sadness or excitement, when a person feels rather low, or feels in high spirits.

PHILOSOPHY FOR THE TURF.—He who lays wagers, lays eggs. The goose did so; and you know the consequence.

HE is a youth like a church robbed of its bibles and books, &c. ?—He is in a state of pew-pillage.

SURE SYMPTOMS OF CHRISTMAS.

(By a Surly Old Bachelor.)

PUNCH,—I know Christmas is coming from certain well-known symptoms that never fail to present themselves at this time of the year:—

Because my landlady is so extremely civil to me, and brings me my shaving-water the moment I ring for it.

Because I have had to complain for weeks about my landlady and the coal-scuttles, which are generally pretty full of coals.

Because the breakfast is laid before I am up, and when I ask for toast with tea in the evening, the kitchen fire has not once been lighted.

Because the impudent news-boy has been much more troublesome with the newspaper than usual.

Because, wherever I have called, I haven't had a bit of meat for dinner for ever so long—for two weeks at a time.

Because I cannot get my bills in from my tradesmen, and they smile, and scrape their feet in their vile saw-dust.

rumour something about "any time will do, Sir," present me with French plum and bonbon-boxes, and fancy have nothing better to do than to lay in a plantation of Christmas trees.

Because the crossing-sweeper takes his hat off to me every time I pass.

Because the Beadle has been wonderfully profuse with his cocked hat, and the pew-opener, within the last fortnight, has nearly curtseyed me to death.

Because wherever I have called, I have found all the servants smiling most unnaturally, and bringing me things I didn't want.

Because my little nephews have been so very affectionate to me lately.

Because my little nieces have run up to me and kissed me in a way that was more flattering than agreeable, and have had my great coat and hat and umbrella and clothes pulled off me before I have had time to inquire whether my brother (he is only a clerk) was at home.

Because I have been bothered out of my life with so many inquiries about that "distressing" cough of mine, and have been recommended so many wonderful remedies that were sure to cure it,—which remedies, if I had only taken one half of them, I shouldn't be alive at the present moment.

And because—but I think I have said enough of these symptoms, which luckily "come but once a year." After all, I don't know—perhaps they are not so disagreeable, or the attentions one receives at this period are as flattering to one's vanity as they are conducive to one's comfort.

ows they all spring out of a Christmas
es, as I have learnt to my cost, are not
as bandboxes. The enjoyment would
yable, if one hadn't to pay so dearly

Christmas month, my outgoings in-
variably exceed my incomings :—otherwise, I like it well
enough, and shouldn't mind if the whole year were com-
posed of nothing but Christmas months.

DIFFERENT PHASES OF FEELING.

Wife (very indignantly). "Ah! there's the Doctor's
boy at last, my dear, with your physic. It's too bad!
Keeping the house up to this hour of the night! What
right has he to come as late as ten o'clock?"

Servant (who has answered the door). "If you please,
mum, the milliner has called with your new dress, and
wishes to know if you will try it on?"

Wife (in quite another tone). "Certainly, Susan.
Show her into the dining-room, and say I will come to her
directly."

PROPRIETY IN DRESS.

SHORT dresses have been objected to by the prudish;
but though the clothes of ladies are now more than long
enough, they admit of the very greatest latitude.—N. B.
The discovery of the latitude has succeeded that of the
longitude.

THE PROTOCOL OF PRIVATE LIFE.



HE unfortunate differences which have arisen between various members of the Tomkins family were taken into consideration at the recent Conference in Finsbury. The original

he arose in the summer of 1854, about eleven months the marriage of Mr. Thomas Tomkins with Miss , the beautiful and amiable daughter of Mr. and Chowderby, of the City Road. Mr. Chowderby, a before a coal-agent, in apparently affluent circumstances, in June, 1854, from circumstances over which no control, unable to meet his financial engagements, ous recourse, (especially upon an occasion when an ate milkman urged his demand with some precipi-) had been had to the Loan system, and Mr. Tom- who is engaged in the pickle trade, had discounted a

series of (dishonored) bills for his father-in-law. Deeming it necessary to restrict his cash operations, Mr. Tomkins had lately declined this course, and to his son-in-law refusing him money, Mr. Chowderby, with some plausibility, attributes his being without any. Differences arose, which were rather suspended than settled by a visit, which at Maria Tomkins' desire her husband requested from Mrs. Chowderby. It is here necessary to mention, that about December last, a baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins. Mrs. Chowderby accepted the invitation, bringing with her two younger brothers of Maria, and they remained as guests until Easter, at which period the unsolicited superintendence of the elder lady with the management of the infant, the continual disarrangement of the pickle pots by the younger Chowderbys, the incessant demands of the elder Chowderby for money, and a final proposition that the whole Chowderby family should come and live with the Tomkins', brought matters to a crisis, which terminated in the expulsion of the Chowderbys, and a total estrangement. Mr. Tomkins felt no discontent at this; but his wife, and various members of the family, considering it objectionable, it was agreed that a Conference should be held at Miss Tiddle's, (a maiden aunt of Mr. Tomkins,) in order to endeavor to arrange matters.

The Conference took place at the above locality, on Wednesday afternoon. Every body attended on his and her own behalf. There were present, therefore, Mr. Silas Chowderby, Miss Tiddles, Mrs. S. Chowderby, Mr. T. Tomkins, Maria Tomkins, Baby Tomkins, (provisionally registered Thomas Augustus Pickles,) Sarah Carter, (nurse

(the latter,) Master Peter Chowderby, Master Jack Chowderby, Miss Louisa Tomkins, (Mr. T. T.'s sister,) and Mr. Frederic Binkle (keeping company with the latter).

Miss Tiddles could not understand why relatives could not live in peace and harmony. She hated to see family disturbances, and thought the shortest way was to forget and forgive, and try to bear with one another better for the future. She would express no opinion on any subject, except that Thomas Augustus Pickles was the loveliest little ticksywickisy that ever was, so he was, and a duck of diamonds, and a treasure of the Indian seas, and the gold mines of America, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick.

The initiative was then, at her own desire, conceded to Mrs. Chowderby, who expressed a conviction that things had come to a pretty pass, when a child forgot her duty to the mother that had weaned her, that the meanness of Mr. Tomkins did not surprise her, for it was well known that he came of a mean stock; but that Maria should go against her was indeed a blow, which, when she was laid in the silent, extramural cemetery, that undutiful girl would remember, in sacking and hashes. To suppose that a woman at her time of life did not understand babies better than a chit was ridiculous, but this was only a pretence for Mister Tomkins to get rid of his duty to his wife's parents. They happened not to be so well off in worldly things as he was, perhaps because they had not stooped to the same low means of turning cash—some people, respectable people too, had spoken of half-pennies boiled in pickles to give them a color, but that was neither

here nor there. Mr. Tomkins ought to be ashamed himself, and as for his wife—(*here Mrs. Chowderby wept*)

Sarah Carter had no right to speak, being only a p servant, but sooner than see that blessed baby (*article produced*) physicked with the messes Mrs. Chowderby gave when its mamma's back was turned, she would break stone on the high ropes.

Mrs. Chowderby insisted on that slut's withdrawal from the Conference; but after some discussion this proposition was overruled.

Mr. Tomkins had deuced little to say. He had married Maria, and not the whole family; but he was a good-natured fellow, and so long as her relations behaved with any sort of decency, he had been glad to do his best for them. But there was such a thing as cutting it too close (*here Mrs. Tomkins gently suggested that her husband should vary his illustration*). Well, he meant as riding a willing horse to death. He appealed to Maria if he had not been a kind husband to her, in spite of her relations (*Mrs. Tomkins here threw herself on his bosom, and sobbed*).

Mr. Chowderby said that it was keener than a toothache to have a thankless serpent instead of a child.

Mr. Tomkins was willing to admit that proposition was in its fulness, but did not see the applicability.

Miss Louisa Tomkins was sure that her brother would do every thing that was right, and suggested that he should give them a day on the water, and a dinner at Richmond, and every body be friends.

Mr. Frederic Binkle cordially concurred in the last

tion, and if the word champagne were not deemed in-
missible, he would venture to offer, on his own account,
in addition to the proposed festivity. (Miss L. Tomkins
touched his hand, and said "Duck.")

Mr. Choderby regarded all that as trash. If Mr. Tom-
kins would give him the money such a piece of foolery
would cost, it would enable him to remove his silver tea-
set from the house of a supposititious relative, where, to
the infinite disgrace of the family, it had long been de-
posited.

Masters Peter and Jack Chowderby expressed an opin-
ion that the party would be much more jolly, and bother the
old tea-pot; besides, papa never took tea, but gin-and-
ster. (*The extrusion of these members of the Confer-
ence occupied the next half minute.*)

Mrs. Maria Tomkins cried for some time, and then stated,
that except her husband, her blessed baby was the only
comfort she had on earth. Her papa and mamma were
very unkind, she was sure, and Thomas had a great deal
to complain of. She had tried to make peace, but she
knew she owed her duty as a wife.

Baby Tomkins (*hearing his mamma's voice*) signified
that she owed a duty as a mother which he called upon
her in the most urgent manner to perform without delay.
*The proceedings became inaudible until his demand was
complied with.*)

Mrs. Chowderby hoped that what the unmarried young
lady had seen and heard that day, would be a warning to
her in case she ever had the misfortune of having children.

No girl could have been better brought up than Maria, and now let them look at her.

Mrs. Tomkins begged, laughing, that they would do nothing of the kind.

Mr. Chowderby conceived that if they were going to have nothing but nonsense, they had better go. He was a man of business, and would make a business-like proposition. Would Tomkins pay all his debts, and advance him £100 to buy him a milk-walk, taking the advance out, for he was a man of business, in milk on week days and cream on Sundays?

Mr. Tomkins, in justice to his adored wife, to *that* innocent babe, and to—well, never mind that—must decline doing any thing of the sort. But a £20 note was heartily at Mr. Chowderby's service, and there it was.

Mr. Chowderby would accept it, but without prejudice to his other claims.

Mrs. Chowderby would forgive her Maria, if Maria could forgive herself.

Mrs. Tomkins signifying that she was decidedly equal to this latter conciliatory effort, there was much mutual embracing, and tea at the expense of Miss Tiddles.

PATERFAMILIAS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

OLD Paterfamilias is at the sea-side,
Because he believes change of air should be tried,
And there too his wife and his children abide
With Paterfamilias by the sea-side.

He watches the ebb and the flow of the tide,
And the sea-gulls that o'er the waves hover and glide,
And the steamboats' arrivals are curiously eyed
By Paterfamilias by the sea-side.

He marks the young ladies and children, who ride
O'er the shingle-strewn beach of the ocean so wide,
Upon donkeys—a feat one would like to see tried
By Paterfamilias by the sea-side.

He has read, during breakfast, his paper—well dried,
And he sits on the shore and peruses his Guide,
Whilst apples and pebbles are now and then shied
At Paterfamilias by the sea-side.

Or the sea-weeds and shells his attention divide,
With starfish, to plants that seem closely allied,
And ships in the offing are through a glass spied
By Paterfamilias by the sea-side.

He bargains for shrimps—being cheaply supplied—
Provided they're not by the doctor denied,
Whilst the little boys look on, and sometimes deride
Old Paterfamilias by the sea-side.

To the bathing-machines his mind's often applied,
He considers the swimmers too plainly desried,
Which gives much occasion to grumble and chide
To Paterfamilias by the sea-side.

Detail is his passion, and order his pride,
So a journal he keeps, whereunto to confide
The events of each day, with the roast, boiled and fried,
Had by Paterfamilias by the sea-side.

A month or six weeks thus away gently slide,
In hotel or in lodging-house whilst they reside ;
Then payment of little account to provide
Has Paterfamilias by the sea-side.

Next day, in the *Times*, there's a letter espied,
Where the bill and its items are all specified,
And extortion denounced, and its harpies decried,
By Paterfamilias from the sea-side.

PROFUNDITIES.

(From our own Slop-Basin.)

LET woman argue as little as possible with man, not that she is not often in the right, but because her empire is in danger if her subjects think.

Primogeniture has advantages for the first-born. To the first child, when at three years old it breaks a plate, we say, "Did 'em den, well donee be frighteney." The second on a similar occasion we scold, the third we turn out of the room, and the fourth we whip.

Cowper says that "the tear that is wiped with address may be followed, perhaps, by a smile." If it is a woman's tear, the "perhaps" is unnecessary. You can always dry it with a dress.

Putting on a bonnet is a long and troublesome process.

is much easier than putting off paying for the article.
 he wife who is the worst housekeeper is the best hand
 king—her accounts.

he key in which most married women's complaints
 t is the latch-key.

your wife is particularly anxious that you should
 your breakfast some morning, don't be suspicious.
 just possible that a dress-maker may not be up-stairs
 a bill in her pocket.

Why is a woman's talk like light?

Because it lasts from morn till night.

ne man who makes jokes at matrimony, has probably
 matrimony no joke.

ercury forms alike the ball of the barometer and the
 of the looking-glass. Yet, woman consults the second
 when she wants to go out.

o hero was ever *valet-de-chambre* to a man.

o marking-ink is so permanent as a printer's, and
 me given you by his "font" outlasts that given by
 nt in church.

reputation for wit is frequently undeserved, but a
 ction for folly, never.

oman knows the value of most things, and is always
 to exchange when the rate is in her favor. See
 ickly a woman's name is given up for a man's.

nature means that we should warn before we strike,
 id she give us fists before speech?

smile is the receipt given when you pay a compli-
 —an awkward compliment, however, sometimes pro-
 you to give a stamp.

Most men who make morning calls are donkeys, but the worst of them is the donkey that you can't get to go.
[There were more in the basin but they shall come out another time.]

MR. PUNCH'S HANDBOOK TO ASTROLOGY.

Description and Praise of the Science.

ASTROLOGY means the finding out what influence the stars and planets have upon the actions of men and women. As they have no such influence at all, the science is purely imaginative, and is therefore entitled to a higher admiration than belongs to the exact sciences, which demand no exercise of imagination.

One of the grand beauties of the science is that the most ignorant person may pursue it with as much success as the most learned, and indeed with more, for an ignorant person may easily persuade himself of the truth of astrology, and may therefore attain enthusiastic faith, while the better informed man, the more he studies the subject, becomes more and more convinced that he is wasting his time.

Another great beauty of astrology is, that no two disciples of the art ever can agree upon its teachings, and this circumstance must endear the pursuit to the free and independent minds who nobly scorn to be bound by the opinions of others, and insist on thinking for themselves.

A third nobleness of the pursuit is to be found in the fact that it is suited to all sorts and conditions of men. The stars, consulted through the astrologer, have not a

it of pride about them, and will as readily gossip with Sarah the housemaid about the luckiest day on which to meet her sweetheart, John the butcher, as they will apprise an Emperor of a fortunate day to make a treaty, or a Generalissimo of the happy hour for going to battle.

Lastly, there is the great and holy beauty attaching to martyrdom. For every body who practises or believes in astrology is held, by the so-called wise men of the earth, and by their laws, to be either a knave or a fool, or both. This persecution gives the pursuit an additional zest for such people as are found to patronize the art.

How to practise it.

If you are a professor of the art, that is, one who makes money thereby, I need not give you any advice. You have already learned the real value of astrology. But to the novice I will impart a few secrets, which, if duly studied, will enable him to know as much as yourself.

To Compute a Scheme of the Heavens.

Draw a square, and in the middle a small square, and a few cross lines, cutting the intermediate space up like a Chinese puzzle. Make upon each of these lines a figure like that upon the great blue, green, and red bottles in a chemist's window. Write *Natus*, which is the Latin for *Born*, in the centre square (or *Nata*, if you expect a female) and then wait for a victim. When you get one, write the day and hour of his birth after the Latin word, and in conversation, or by pumping a servant, or otherwise, find out any thing you can about him. Take your

fee, mention that the stars are rather capricious than but that you will let them see their master. Then your man. In a fortnight, send him this sort of varied according to circumstances :

THE SQUARES ABOVE MENTIONED.

"This native (always call him a native) has a notoriously mixed fortune. At the hour of birth he was in sextile to Jupiter, and the evil Saturn was to combustion, while Pisces was intercepted in the House, and Mars afflicted Hyleg, the life-giver, entered his department in a malefic sequisquare. For these reasons I should advise the native to beware of his third-cousins, antibilious pills, and omnibuses, but to freely indulge in fermented liquors, theatrical amusements, and fireworks.

"The native's ruling planet is Uranus, and he should therefore not expect his hair to curl. His horoscope is rather cloudy, and I would counsel him not to sleep on the Sabbath day. The planets show that the native has been reasonably well educated, but I should advise him to compete for the highest honors at the Universities. He will be successful in commercial suits, if he acts with industry and honesty, and in eating periwinkles between the 11th and 23d of the month.

"The native's matrimonial career will be obscure. From the aspect of Jupiter and his quartile lights

with the luration of the Sun, I should recommend him to marry a female of pleasing aspect, intelligence, and good temper, and possessed of a competence. In this case, and by avoiding onions in the years 1859 and 1861, his prospects of comfort may be considered as favorable.

"The native must on no account become a hierarch of the Churches of England or Rome, or take any great office of state under the Crown, as the baleful aspect of yellow Stature proves that he could not be prosperous. But any inferior situation of a lucrative character (Mercury seems to except the Mastership of the Mint) he will do well to accept.

"In 1857 the native will take several journeys and meet new acquaintances, but let him beware of over-confidence. In 1858 he will undertake a matter which will fail unless he throw great energy into it. In 1859 he will sustain a loss, but not of a very grave character, and in 1860 he will meet with a disappointment, which may temporarily cast a shade over his life. The stars add little, except that the native must beware of falling off precipices, of being run over by cabs, and of eating hot suppers, and let none of his children be christened out of a soup-tureen, or by any name beginning with E or Z. Consult me again after the vernal equinox."

COURAGE IN THE CANINE SPECIES.—The happy possessor of a pet dog can generally testify that the faithful animal will lick any thing.

THE HOME OF THE BRITISH DRAMA.—A French Crib.

COLD IN THE HEAD

A MEDICAL DRAMA.

SUBJOINED, as specimens, are some extracts from a play to be produced under the above title, next Season at the fashionable Theatre. The subject has been selected in consideration of the nosological taste lately so successfully stimulated by a creation of French dramatic genius. The piece is divided into Five Acts, entitled respectively Prudence, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Consumption, and Liver Oil. The *dénouement*, as indicated by the title of Act V., is favorable; but the heroine has previously, on all appearance, expired on the stage, after presenting all the symptoms of phthisis pulmonalis with clinical accuracy. The portions selected for quotation are those of which the interest is the least harrowing. In Act I. *Bradshaw* and *Isabel*, whose relations and positions in the Drama are obvious, meet, by appointment, under romantic circumstances. *Isabel* catches a Cold in the Head, and the train of consequences thence resulting constitutes the action of the play.

ACT I.—IMPRUDENCE.

SCENE—A Grove at the end of a Vale. Moonlight. A Hawthorn Bush. *Bradshaw* sits beneath the shade. *BRADSHAW* alone.

Brad. O beauteous night! But here comes the first of the True (looks at his watch) to a second. Punctual!

(Enter *ISABEL*.)

Thou art the Soul of Love!

[*They embrace*]

Isab. My dearest Edward!

rad. O Isabel, my life, my soul, my um— (*emotion
ers the remainder of the expression.*)

let us sit, love (*they seat themselves*), and this arm
of mine

ng thee like—but what is there like this?

watch yon evening star.

ab. Ugh!

[*Shivers.*]

rad. Isabel!

hudder'd. What's the matter?

ab. Nothing, dear;

the sudden chill one feels sometimes

somebody, as the old nurses say,

king o'er one's grave.

rad. That horrid word!

it not, Isabel. Uplift thy gaze

e bright stars and to the glorious moon.

!—now those glowing eyes reflect their beams,

ith what interest of added light!

ab. A-tisha!

[*Sneezes.*]

rad. Dearest.

ab. Tisha!—isha!—isha!

[*Sneeze again.*]

rad. I fear——

ab. A-tish!

Continuing to sneeze.

rad. You've caught——

ab. Isha!—isha!——

rad. Cold. Let me wrap you in this cloak, love.

is it you're looking for?

ab. My han—a-tisha!—

andkerchief.* A-tisha! Oh dear! I've left it

i-i-i-i-i-tisha!—ind.

Brad. Make this a temporary substitute—
 Ah ! 'tis the damp night-air—you're thinly clad—
 This will not do, love. Heavens ! should any harm
 Befall thy precious health, and I the cause !—
 The thought is madness. Come, lean on this arm,
 I'll see thee safe home.

Isab. Dearest Edward, nay,
 The way is short, and I should be so vexed
 If we were seen. How sad it is to part !
 A-tisha !

Brad. Say, when shall we meet again ?

Isab. I'll wr—i-ite—a-tisha ! and let you know :
 Edward, farewell.

Brad. My Isabel, adieu ! [*They embrace again*
 Stay, dearest, put this cloak on ; wear it home,
 And cast it off a little from the house ;
 I shall know where to find it.

Isab. Edward ! what
 That nice new cloak ? throw it into the road ?
 Oh no ! I could not think of such a thing.
 Once more good-bye, love, till we meet again. [*Ed*

Brad. A black and envious cloud hath risen up,
 And threatens to bedim the radiant moon.

[*A sneeze in the distance*
 Ha ! I fear that was Isabel again.
 Humph ! some do reckon it good luck to sneeze :
 Such may the omen prove to Isabel. [*Exit. Act closes*

ACT II.—CATAREH.

[The temporary absence of *Isabel*, in the preceding

Act, from her home, has not been effectually concealed from her Mamma. An explanation has ensued; and the indulgent parent has been prevailed upon to countenance the addresses of *Bradshaw*: the rather from anxiety about the health of her child, whose moonlight assignation has resulted in a severe cold in the head.]

SCENE—ISABEL'S Boudoir. ISABEL alone, muffled in a shawl, and her head bandaged.

Isab. 'Tis dear the tibe whel Edward was to cub;
[*Looks at herself in a mirror.*

Oh, by! I do look such a shockilg fright,
I allost dread (*uses handkerchief*) to beet by lover's eye,
With such a loze, ald yet I bust, or else
He'll falcy that Babba wol't let be see hib.
This cubs of sittilg lookilg at the Bool.
That sowld! it is his footstep.

Enter Servant BRADSHAW following.

[*Exit Servant.*

Brad. What do I see?

Isabel thus!—in invalid attire!—

What is the matter!—Speak, love!

Isab. Lothilg, dear,

At least dot butch the batter. Oldly a cold,
I shall be better sood.

Re-enter Servant with Basin of Gruel on a tray, which she places on Work-Table, and Exit.

Brad. My suffering angel!

Oh let me try and (*wheels arm-chair to table*) make you comfortable. [*Draws shawls closer around her, &c.*

Isab. Thalks, Edward. [*Uses handkerchief*]

Brad. Now, love, take a drop of this.

[*Feeds her with glass*]

Isab. Ah!—stay a bobelt—'tis too hot.

Brad. Oh, dear!

Stop, let me cool it.

[*Tastes a little*]

Isab. Is it dice?

Brad. Not very.

Isab. (*laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha! You see, love, cad laugh.

Brad. That's right, my darling.

Isab. Oh, dear!—oh! by side!

Brad. A pain, love?

Isab. Yes—a little paid il the chest.

Brad. Stay, dearest, let me just apply my ear—

For somewhat have I gain'd of physic's lore—

To ascertain the state of that dear chest

Where lies my chiefest treasure. Please hold still.

[*Performs auscultation*]

Those little fingers in my hair, dear love,

Confuse the sounds, you know—stop—hush—why, yes!

The respiratory murmur's audible,

But with a *rôle*—, well, that one would expect—

There is a rapid action of the heart.—

Isab. It beats for you alode.

Enter Servant, with tub.

Serv. Ahem!

[*BRADSHAW rises*]

Brad. What's this?

Isab. Oh!—by hot water, dear, to put by feet il.



Put it dowl, Bary, [MARY sets down the tub.
 Whel I walt you I'll rig. [Exit Servant.

Brad. Alas! then, I must go. Ah! would the right
 To stay and tend thee, Isabel, were mine.

Isab. I dow you'd bake a bost atteltive durse.

Brad. And so I hope some day to prove, if need
 Should be for proof—which may there never be!
 Do you feel better now, love?

Isab. Oh, buch better.

Brad. Come let me put your bath in readiness.

[Moves the tub of hot water to her feet.
 And then one parting kiss.

Isab. Lo!—stop a billet. [Uses handkerchief.
 Low thel! [They embrace.

Brad. Farewell! Oh, soon, ye gracious powers,
 restore
 My love to health and me to happiness! [Exit.

Isab. How quickly does love bake the billets fly!
 Il the beal tibe by gruel has got cold!

[Rings a hand-bell and prepares to put her feet into
 hot water as the SCENE closes.

A REFLECTION ON LITERATURE.—It is a well-authen-
 ticated fact, that the name of a Book has a great deal to
 do with its sale and its success. How strange that titles
 should go for so much in the Republic of Letters!

IRISH DEVELOPMENT.—Pat and his whiskey resemble
 each other; they come out to most advantage in "hot
 water."

PHILOSOPHICAL DRAMA.

OUR readers need not be alarmed. We are not going into a disquisition concerning the "Stage in Germany"—a subject which so alarmed the editors of the *Antijacobin* some years ago. We wish merely to offer a few suggestions with reference to some advertisements we met with lately. It seems that the proprietors of the Polytechnic and Panopticon are about to introduce dramatic readings and sing songs as part of their attractions—there can be no objection we should think to this. To unite the *utile cum dulci* has long been the wish of right-minded educationists, and there seems to be no reason why the crucible cum dulcimer should not be engaged in furtherance of scientific education.

That Shakspeare knew any thing of the Atomic theory, of the diffusion of gases, or of compound radicals, we may be permitted to doubt; but a general notion of chemical laws he must have had. His allusion to the possibility of the dust of Alexander ultimately stopping a beer barrel is sufficient proof that he understood all about the indestructibility of matter, while the familiar manner in which *Touchstone* speaks of the retort "courteous" shows on the part of the author an acquaintance with chemical apparatus. But we do not intend to go into the question "did Shakspeare understand Chemistry?" we leave that to Mr. Charles Knight, who can no doubt make the subject as clear as day. We merely wish, as we said before, to offer a few suggestions which we hope the proprietor of the Polytechnic will not think us precipitate in making

at this early stage of the chemical drama speculation. We would respectfully hint that instead of reading old plays, new ones should be written and read—the plots laid in the laboratory; and scenes of thrilling interest might



easily be got up with the voltaic battery: the titles must be appropriate and taking. For instance, *Margarite of Glycerine* would be, as they say in the transpontine districts, a stunner; and if "written up to" with a purpose on the amusement and instruction plan, would be sure to take. Mr. Pepper might make the reading of various

pounds quite simple, and if he could not reach the lime, might at least achieve a sublimate. With passing marks on the organic compounds, with an accompaniment on the piano, together with allusion to the connection between the treble and bass, and the tribasic phosphates, thing would be sure to go off well. Even a "scream" effect might be produced, when ladies are present, the judicious introduction of a few explosions—"as of the performance," as Jack said.

"The reduced Oxide, or I don't care a Button," would be a good title for either farce or tragedy; and with a few well-seasoned remarks from Mr. Pepper, a good licence could not fail to be mustered.

A TEA-TOTALLER'S WISH.

MINE be a cot beside a rill,
Where I can always drink my fill,
And underneath an osier's clump
Give me a good old-fashioned pump.

Let me a pleasant brook command,
Where I could drink out of my hand,
Or ask—for lack of other mug—
The nightingale to lend his jug.

A stream should run from north to south,
O'er which I'd hold my watering mouth;
And if on more I fain would glut,
Give me a good-sized water-butt.

Let others sing the joys of wine—
The cistern's wholesome draught be mine;
I only need a small estate,
Enough to pay my water-rate.

Let me hang idly o'er the marge
Of some full-laden river-barge;
My face in water let me dip,
To catch the fluid on my lip.

Wealth has for me nor charm nor bribe,
While water I can still imbibe;
Let poets other seasons sing,
But give me a perpetual spring.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

By a Homœopathic Doctor.

A GOOD, WHOLESOME BREAKFAST.—Take the billio part of a roll, crumble it in the fiftieth part of a pint milk; boil the two together, and serve up with $\frac{1}{3}$ ths hard egg.

A REFRESHING LUNCHEON.—Half a dram of cho and two ounces of stale bread, with $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of table-bee a quart of water.

A HEARTY DINNER.—1 ounce, 6 drams, 2 scruples lean rumpsteak, $\frac{1}{2}$ potato, and 18 grains of greens. pudding—10 pennyweights of boiled rice, with $\frac{1}{7}$ ths spoon of moist sugar. If fruit is in season, a hand

essert may be sent up of 2 gooseberries, 6 currants, and he $\frac{4}{16}$ th part of an apple.

A STIFF GLASS OF GROG.—16 drops of gooseberry wine in a tumbler of water.

A LIGHT SUPPER.—Two scruples of gruel, with the thousandth part of a grain of nutmeg, and half as much of sugar.

AN INFALLIBLE CURE FOR A COLD.—Drink $\frac{2}{85}$ ths of a Seidlitz powder, dissolved in a jug of water, put your feet in a pint of warm water, and apply to your nose some tallow, but be careful it is not more than the tenth part of a pin's head, or else it will do no good.

FALSE HAIRS AND GRACES.

AN indignant father of a family has sent us a circular, which he snatched from the hands of his eldest daughter, and in which young ladies are invited by some atrocious dealer in wigs to adopt his filthy manufacture, by mixing with their own locks the hair cut from the heads of other people—frequently on account of fever, and sometimes under circumstances of a still less attractive nature. We share with our Correspondent the disgust he feels at these mercenaries, who, for the sake of selling a few sham curls and fictitious tresses, put falsehood literally into the heads of the rising generation—and, oh horror! the female part of it. We are not advocates for violence, and we are rather disposed to agree with the Dramatist, that “the man who lays his hand,” &c. &c., “is an,” &c., “whom it would be gross flattery to call an,” &c., &c. We, never-

theless, are disposed to think, that if a young lady is suspected of wearing false hair it would be allowable to dash her wig to the ground; and though we are not inclined to recommend the tearing of the hair, we would excuse any one who should unmask a female impostor by carrying away the "false front" under which she may have ventured to present herself.

KINDRED QUACKS.

I OVERHEARD two matrons grave, allied by close affinity, (The name of one was Physic, and the other's was Divinity.) As they put their groans together, both so doleful and lugubrious:—

Says Physic, "To unload the heart of grief, Ma'am, is salubrious:

Here am I, at my time of life, in this year of our deliverance;

My age gives me a right to look for some esteem and reverence.

But, Ma'am, I feel it is too true what everybody says to me,—

Too many of my children are a shame and a disgrace to me."

"Ah!" says Divinity, "my heart can suffer with another, Ma'am;

I'm sure I can well understand your feelings as a mother, Ma'am.

ve some, as well,—no doubt but what you're perfectly aware on't, Ma'am,
Those doings bring derision and discredit on their parent, Ma'am."

There are boys of mine," says Physic, "Ma'am, such silly fancies nourishing,
is curing gout and stomach-ache by pawing and by flourishing."

Well," says Divinity, "I've those who teach that Heaven's beatitudes
are to be earned by postures, genuflexions, bows, and attitudes."

My good-for-nothing sons," says Physic, "some have turned hydropathists;
some taken up with mesmerism, or joined the homœopaths."

Mine," says Divinity, "pursue a system of gimerackery, called Puseyism, a pack of stuff, and quite as arrant quackery."

says Physic, "Mine have sleep-walkers, pretending, through the hide of you,
to look, although their eyes are shut, and tell you what's inside of you."

Ah!" says Divinity, "so mine, with quibbling and with cavilling,
Would have you, Ma'am, to blind yourself, to see the road to travel in."

"Mine," Physic says, "have quite renounced their good old pills and potions, Ma'am, For doses of a billionth of a grain and such wild notions, Ma'am."

"So," says Divinity, "have mine left wholesome exhortation, Ma'am, For credence-tables, reredoses rood-lofts and maceration, Ma'am."

"But hospitals," says Physic, "my misguided boys are founding, Ma'am."

"Well," says Divinity, "of mine, the chapels are abounding, Ma'am."

"Mine are trifling with diseases, Ma'am," says Physic, "not attacking them."

"Mine," says Divinity, "instead of curing souls are quacking them."

"Ah, Ma'am," says Physic, "I'm to blame, I fear, for these absurdities."

"That's my fear, too," Divinity says, "Ma'am, upon my word it is."

Says Physic, "Fees, not science, have been far too much my wishes, Ma'am."

"Truth," says Divinity, "I've loved much less than loaves and fishes, Ma'am."

Says each to each, "We're simpletons or sad deceivers some of us ;

And I am sure, Ma'am, I don't know whatever will become of us."

BABYOLATRY.

LET us not be misunderstood. All we ask for is toleration. We would prevent no man from gazing upon his ~~son~~ in silent adoration as long as to him seemeth meet; but if there be aliens who, not having been naturalized, are apt to regard the bassinette at which paternal rapture kneels, as connected with heathen forms of worship, respect their conscientious qualms. In the scale of charity our scruples ought to have their proper weight.

We freely admit that Johnson's baby is a model, and would carry off the palm in its little fist, from any exhibition of the products of farinaceous food. But is that any reason why *we* should be hurried up to the idol's shrine, and required to bow down and tickle it? What we agitate for is a great Nursery Reformation—no coercive Babyolatry.

Those who feel strongly that the times are out of joint, cannot be expected to mince matters. Our premises in Eden Terrace have led us to one conclusion, and that is, if the Band of Hope, consisting of ten very juvenile performers, will commence their vocal illustrations at the unreasonable hour of two o'clock in the morning, we shall give notice to quit the premises in question at Lady-day next. Our Landord Johnson, whose unweaned twins ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm, is the High Priest of Babyolatry. When we remonstrate, he smiles at our vehemence; when we threaten to leave and take lodgings in the far-famed cavern under Blackheath Hill, he shakes his head, and fears there is something defective in our moral

sentiments. This we angrily deny. We love innocent prattle—no one more so—in proof of which we subscribed with others to build a palace for Tom Thumb. We have the organ of philoprogenitiveness as largely developed as our baby-ridden neighbors; we only object to your infant Sapphos perpetually playing upon it, and putting it out of tune.

With respect to infancy, our hopes and fears may be deemed perhaps somewhat peculiar. We can't help it. We *dread a night-shriek*. We desire peace (and are willing to pay a high rent for it), not only abroad, but at home. How delightful it is to contemplate "Lawrence's children;" with what tender emotions we have often hung over Sir Joshua Reynolds's! O! if Nature had only the *repose* of Art!—if a picture-gallery and a nursery were equally conducive to calm and suggestive thought, who would not then rush eagerly forward to snatch a plume from Cupid's wing wherewith to subscribe himself,

AVUNCULUS.

P. S. The above philosophical dissertations were penned eighteen months ago. Since then our domestic *status* has been somewhat changed, and circumstances alter cases. With deep humility we indite this our recantation. Fain would we blot out every word we have written on Babyolatry. Time will not permit us to say more, as the Perambulator is ready before our study windows, and which, owing to our nursery maid's indisposition, we have promised personally to propel all round the Regent's Park, and to take special care that we don't overturn the precious charge, in whom we feel so deep and natural an interest—bless its little heart!



WHAT IS A BABY?—Why, a Baby is a living I. O. U.
“little Bill” drawn upon Manhood, that is only hon-
ored when it arrives at maturity.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH INNKEEPER.

AIR—Sufficiently Obvious.

I'LL sing you a new song on a theme much stirred of late,
Of a fine old English Innkeeper, grown rather out of date,
Who keeps up his establishment in almost princely state,
And don't forget to charge you there at quite a princely
rate,

Like a fine old English Innkeeper, one of the olden
time.

His house, you 're told, is fitted up "regardless of expense,"
Although one half is obsolete, and t'other make-pretence;
Exploded old four-posters, built in GEORGE THE SECOND'S
reign,

Mock plate to serve mock-turtle in, sham ice-pails for
champagne :

At this fine old English Innkeeper's, one of the olden
time.

The swipes he draws is sour enough to turn a navvy pale,
Tho' by a bitter raillery he calls it bitter ale;
And tho' perhaps you don't see half a waiter all the day,
For "attendance" quite as much as for a lawyer's you
must pay

To this fine old English Innkeeper, one of the olden
time.

Then if to wine your tastes incline, some home-made Cape
you'll get,

Served up in a decanter like a vinegar-cruet,

a "bottle of Madeira" this will in the bill be set,
 and however nasty it may be, a nice sum you're in debt
 To the fine old English Innkeeper, one of the olden
 time.

and if your wife be with you, you must have a private
 room,
 and use a pair of "wax-lights" (with a muttoney perfume),
 or which you'll pay a crown a day, and 'tis a burning shame
 that, whether they be lit or not, they're charged for just
 the same

By this rare old English Innkeeper, one of the olden
 time.

but soon these fine old Innkeepers will find their race is
 run,
 or men are up and doing, and no longer will be done :
 and shortly we may hope to see a really good hotel,
 where we may be admitted, and not taken in as well,
 As we were by our old Innkeeper, one of the fleecing
 time.

QUITE NATURAL

NATURALISTS, when they write, are in the habit of re-
 cording such wonderful things, that one would imagine
 they labored under the idea that, instead of a Natural
 history, they were writing a History for Naturals !

THE WORLD'S OPINION.—A mean man is a person with
 small income who lives within it.

DOGGREEL ON DUELLING.



O fight a duel is a very foolish action,
Particularly with a view to satisfaction;

A pretty sort of satisfaction it is to be shot!

For if you fight, of course you 're as likely to be hit, as not.

Suppose you happen to have half-an-ounce of lead

Driven, by a scruple of gunpowder, through your silly head.
Then, there's an end of you—if what you believe's not true—

And if it *is*—so much the worse for you!

Suppose the bullet lodges—as it may—

In your hip-joint, or knocks your jaw away,

A nice satisfaction, indeed, you derive from the strife,

Having to live in misery, a mutilated object, all your life.

Or, in case the ball goes crashing through your leg,

Being forced to have your limb cut off, and hobble through the world on a wooden peg.

Take the other alternative: suppose you are missed,

And, instead of being hit yourself, kill your antagonist,

A deal of satisfaction, again, forsooth, you get thereby;

The country, immediately, you are obliged to fly,

And, like a thief or a swindler, go abroad and hide,

Unless you choose to surrender, for wilful murder to be tried.

l there you are, in the felons' dock, looking like a goose;
l your satisfaction consists in having run your neck into
a noose;

if you escape the gallows, getting imprisoned at least
a year,

prived of every comfort, not even allowed a drop of beer;
even if you are acquitted, having your lawyer's bill to
pay;

d that is any thing but satisfaction, I should say.

t to mention the reflection, which must be the reverse
of pleasant,

at you have gone and shot a fellow-creature like a
pheasant,

a partridge; and here you are, with his blood on your
head,—

t a comfortable thing to think upon when you go to bed.
ides, it is childish, as well as savage, to want to shoot
a man for "chaff,"

which, if you've any sort of character, you can afford
to laugh,

tead of foolishly calling him out, and risking your pre-
cious hide,

d thus, perhaps, in attempting murder, committing sui-
cide.

THE FRUITS OF MATRIMONY.

A MAGNIFICENT dessert, and a beautiful family of six
eight children, winding up with a baby in long clothes,
are brought in after dinner to do justice to it—these
at all events some of the Fruits of Matrimony.

THE SURGEON'S WIND.

THE Wind is North-East—so let it be!
The North-East Wind is the wind for me,
To me it blows good if to none besides;
For the boys on the pavement cut out slides,
And the passenger on the hard flagstones
Comes down, ha, ha! and breaks his bones.

I have had a *radius* to do,
And a compound fractured *tibia*, too.
And that had been scarce ten minutes gone,
When in came a case of *olecranon*.
There was next a dislocated hip,
Resulting also from a slip.

Zymotic diseases lend a charm
To genial Autumn, moist and warm.
We have Scarlatina and Typhus then,
And Cholera good for medical men:
But practice is best, I always find,
In the bracing air of the North-East Wind.

When the North-Easter whistles shrill,
It makes me think on the little bill
To many a patient that I shall send,
Whom that wind calls me to attend.
And though its music may seem severe,
'Tis a strain to gladden a Surgeon's ear.



HAPPENED TO SMITH AFTER SENDING HIS WET UMBRELLA TO BE AIR-
ED IN THE KITCHEN.

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.—Avoid entering into an argu-
with a deaf man in a railway carriage, as it is sure
d to high words.

THINGS WHICH NO YOUNG LADY EVER DOES IF SHE
HELP IT.

Be the first down in the morning, and not the
up at night.

Keep an account-book in the place of an album.

Consent to sit down to the piano on any thing
the dozenth time of asking.

Pay a morning call in her last year's bonnet.

Do plain needle work instead of fancy collar stitching.

Return from morning service without bringing
an inventory (exact to a ribbon) of all the new things
which have been displayed there.

Practise "CRAMER'S Exercises" in the lieu of
gymnastics.

Wear shoes of any other than most wafer-like
construction, especially when the snow is on the ground.

Condescend to learn an English song instead
of an Italian one.

Mend her own "things," and her younger brother's.

Travel twenty miles without nineteen packages,
teen of which she might easily dispense with.

Be seen to eat more at dinner than a couple of
dishes could.

And, finally, takes less than forty minutes to "re-
put her bonnet on!"

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

A most interesting narrative was read at the last
meeting of the Aborigines Protection Society. It was
an account of the expedition of a missionary, from an

senting college, to a tribe of natives of whose existence the directors had but lately become aware, and who dwelt in the south-east of Brazil. The worthy missionary, BROTHER ERKY SWUNKS, who is somewhat short, and who had seen little of the world beyond the walls of his college, made his way from the nearest town, in the direction of the settlement. After a long journey he arrived there towards evening, and found himself surrounded by the objects of his teaching. He describes them as all active, clothed in close-fitting skins of hairy animals, and as speaking with great rapidity a language unknown to him, but resembling French, as in some degree the gestures and manners of the natives themselves. He therefore addressed them in French, and apparently was understood, as they evinced much delight, and danced to the music of the worthy man with gestures of admiration. But when BROTHER SWUNKS began to distribute tracts, they snatched them from him, and darting up to the very tops of the lofty trees around, tore the paper into bits, and then descended to obtain more. On his making signs that he was thirsty, they all rushed up the trees again, and overladen him with showers of cocoa-nuts. During the night they would not allow him to sleep from their constant care of his welfare, one native succeeding the other in turning him round, patting his eyes, and stroking his face. When BROTHER SWUNKS attempted to caress them, they bit him a good deal, and the females snatched him from him, and carried them up the trees. In the morning BROTHER SWUNKS accidentally placed his walking-stick on his shoulder, gun-fashion, upon which the whole

tribe took fright, and departed, and after two days the worthy brother returned, not ungratified with what he had done, yet wishing he had been permitted to do more among these poor heathens.

The perils of the Whale Fishery are among the most exciting of all narratives of voyages. That the whale, a savage and furious animal, when provoked will dash his head against a ship, and sometimes sink her, is on frequent record. The whalers are now well armed, in order to meet this danger, and firearms are resorted to whenever the whale attempts to strike the vessel. CAPTAIN FRANCIS W. LUBBOCK, an American captain, states that having wounded a red whale with the harpoon, the creature, having capsized all the boats, prepared to charge the ship from which his enemies had come. A brisk discharge of rifles, however, deterred him, and he went down. An hour later he re-appeared, with another whale of a more gigantic size, and around whom he was playing, evidently inciting him to attack the ship. A carronade was run out, and as the monster approached, a well-aimed cannon-ball crashed into his skull, amid the cheers of the brave Americans, and laid him a floating corpse. But their cheers were stopped by a tremendous flapping noise. The first whale had dived, gone under the ship, and while all were occupied on the starboard, had actually boarded the vessel on the larboard, and was trying to suck up the black cook. Pikes, cutlasses, harpoons, all went to work, and the whale was beaten off, but too late to save the poor cook, whom sheer fright had converted into a mass of blubber, of which we

eed hardly say the unhesitating Yankees made good merchandise.

On the ninth of January 1844, a young English traveller in America had taken his gun and strayed into the backwoods in quest of sport. After some hours of wandering, he came upon a beaver pond, and beheld the sagacious animals that had reared the dam, swimming in all directions. He prepared to fire, but they instantly dived, and eluded his aim. The largest beaver lingered last, and stroking his own glossy skin with his ample tail, slyly remarked, as he sank, "How's your Hatter?"

A PRETTY SCALE OF PRICES.

A FASHIONABLE Portrait Painter, whose name it would not be fair to his many rivals to mention, when asked what were his terms, invariably answers:—"I have no scale of prices. In fact, I generally leave it open to the liberality of my patrons. I have but one rule to guide me in taking likenesses, and that, to be candid, is, 'Handsome is, who handsome does.'"

THE STEAM ANNIHILATOR.

It is said that "Steam annihilates both Time and space." It is a thousand pities, for our comfort in railway travelling, that its annihilating powers will sometimes extend, also, to—human beings.

ANOTHER "HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE."—Naming a Railway Engine "Safety."



Cousin Emily. "AND SO IT'S LITTLE ALFRED'S BIRTHDAY. NOW, WHAT WOULD HE LIKE BEST FOR A PRESENT?"

Alfred (after much reflection). "WHY, I THINK I SHOULD LIKE A TESTAMENT—AND—A—A—AND—OH, I KNOW! I WANT A SQUIRT!!"

A CON FROM THE SHAKSPEARIAN CLOWN.

Q. WHEN *Othello* killed *Desdemona*, was he of his Wife?

A. No—his (s) Mother.

POETRY OF NATURE.—When mist falls upon
and freezes, it forms rime.

BURGLARY AND BRONCHITIS PREVENTED.

CORDING to the ingenious MR. JEFFREYS, nobody be without a respirator in his hand to clap on his outh by way of extinguisher to an incipient cough, op on any unfortunate child who exhibits a tendency e. The respirator seems to be of two kinds; the pply oral, which is calculated to check equally the of asthma or the whistle of age, and the other, al, adapted to nose and mouth, so as to make it im- e either to sneeze or to snore.

CORDING to the assertion of the inventor the Res- is, in fact, a warm climate for five and sixpence; a e Madeira that may be always put to the mouth inexhaustible bottle, at the mere price of the wine. gentlemen and ladies seem to have been starting for r latitudes—one individual seems to have been on of the 'bus bound, *viâ* Paddington, for Barbadoes, somebody having recommended him a Respirator, ended from the knife-board of a City Atlas, rushed shop, where he laid out a few shillings, and became unate possessor of a warm climate, to be put on or ff *ad libitum*.

t perhaps the most valuable feature of the Respira- s been hitherto overlooked, for it is as a defence Burglary rather than Bronchitis, that it will ob- e highest renown. Let any family go to bed wear- spirators, and we defy the boldest burglar to ex- his purpose if the family should be disturbed. SHEPPARD himself, or any other romantic ruffian,

would start back with terror at the aspect of a household armed all in Respirators, and presenting such a picture as one of our artists has supplied. Or suppose the midnight marauder to have made his way into the bed-room of a



pair of parents lying with an infant between them, the entire domestic trio wearing the frightful appendage invented by MR. JEFFREYS, we are convinced that the panic-stricken miscreant would shrink out of the "Chamber of Horrors," and proceed to give himself up to justice at the nearest Police Station. We are convinced that a Respirator would be as effectual in frightening away burglars as a blunderbuss, or, rather, as an air-gun, to which, from its effect on the breathing, the instrument may be aptly compared.

A DEFINITION OF CANT.—Spirits of Whine.

A MORAL FOR THE MONTHS.

In January, o'er the ice,
The rapid skater flies,
So never scorn sincere advice
"Economy is wise."

In February, feathered songsters pair,
The crocus and the snowdrop rear their heads;
Then let us of intemperance beware,
And early seek, and early leave our beds.

The winds of March sweep o'er the plain
And bid the dust to fly;
The hares in March become insane:
"Avoid bad company."

In April showers fall short and thick,
And hard and heavy, like the stick
Which, on the beat, policemen carry.
"Experience is salutary."

Did not the clouds of April genial showers
Upon the thirsty fields and meadows empty,
Sweet May would never be adorned with flowers:
"Familiarity doth breed contempt."

June clothes the fields and forests in full green
And sometimes we have summer come at length
By Midsummer. Long live our gracious QUEEN!
And bear in mind that "Unity is Strength."

The sun shines high in hot July,
And farmers make their hay :
Virtue is true nobility.
" Indulge not in display."

The month of August is with harvest crowned,
And now the husbandmen their goblets prime;
In foaming jugs of ale their cares are drowned :
" Procrastination is the thief of Time."

September hears the frequent shot
Resound on hill and dale,
And sees the partridge fall—or not.
" This world is but a Vale."

October clothes the woods in brown,
And now the sportsmen are alarming
The pheasant—sometimes bring him down.
Note, that " Variety is charming."

November comes blindfold with mist and with fog,
And the year is approaching its term.
Thus along, on Life's journey, we all of us jog,
Whilst " the early bird picks up the worm."

December Christmas brings,
Along with frost and snow,
Hark how the tradesman sings—
" Pay what you owe !"

THE POOREST PLATITUDES.

A MATHEMATICAL line is straight enough, but the lines teology are Strata.

The man who squints rarely makes a good Astronomer.
Never look a Gift Shark in the mouth.

If a "still tongue proves a wise head," then the wisest mortals must be Dumb Persons.

The Man with two wooden legs should never ride any dog but a Clothes-horse.

The best "House of Correction" is the one in which mother-in-law dwells.

Of all Flatterers the portrait painter may be said to fly off the brush; for no flatterer understands the art so well as he, of flattering a person *to his very face!*

THINGS THAT IT'S BETTER TO DO.

It's better to brew beer than mischief—to be smitten by a young lady than with the rheumatism—to fall into portwine than into the sea—to be pitted with a mother-in-law than the small-pox—to cut a tooth than a friend—to avoid a dinner than an insult—to shoot partridges instead of the moon—to have the drawing of an artist instead of a doctor, and to nurse the baby at any time in preference to raising anger!!!

DIPLOMACY.—The art of saying something when you have got nothing to say—as much as it is the art of saying nothing when you have really got something to say

THE LEARNED LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

"Doctæque conjugis sinu quiescere."

HORACE.

LYDIA.

LYDIA. Put down the paper, Horace, there's a dear,
And come into the garden—do. I'm sure
You know enough about Prince Gortschakoff
And the Allies, and all their countermarching.
See, what a lovely morning.

Horace.

Very well,

But may I have a weed, my darling, eh?

Lydia. No, sir, unless you name more properly
The horrid thing. What did I bid you call it?

Horace. I know; but your long words, like eels, will
 wriggle

Out of my memory—'twas Nico—something—
Nitocris—no—though that's an opiate too—
I know—Nicotiana.

Lydia.

Yes, dear, called so
From John Nicot, of Nismes, who first procured
The seeds from Florida—I wish he hadn't;
But as he has, I'll light it for you, pet.
There, don't be silly—Horace—don't—how can you?

[*They enter the garden.*]

Horace. Well, it's a stunning morning, and your
 garden

Looks truly spicy, all mistakes deducted.
That rose is quite a swell.

Lydia.

Like many swells,
It hath no sense—I pun upon the word,

ich should be scents—(well, make a better, Sir).
s the *rubiginosa inodora*.

Horace. Then he's a humbug, and not half as good
that Sweet William.

Lydia. Is it not as easy
say *dianthus*, and to add *barbatus*?

Horace. Bless'd if it is, my love. I do declare
n half afraid to name a flower to you,
u're down upon me with no end of Latin.

Lydia (archly). I'm very terrible, I know. *Don't*,
Horace—

ok at old Tomkins sitting at his window.

Horace. Who cares for Tomkins? What a Guy he
looks

nong that honeysuckle.

Lydia. *Lonicera*.

Horace. O, very well, there's nothing can escape you.
shouldn't wonder if that poor red daisy
as squashed beneath a Latin epit ph.

Lydia. Of course—it's called the *bellis fistulosa*.

Horace. By Jove!

Lydia. Don't swear, Sir. What a fuss you make
bout a few plain words, which, one would think,
ny young gentleman who'd been at school
'ould master in a day.

Horace. You learned them when
ou were a girl.

Lydia. What do you mean, Sir, eh?
m a girl now. But for the Latin names,
u're quite mistaken—or, in better English,

You quite mistake. I learned them since we married,
Out of Sir Joseph Paxton's Dictionary,
The sweetest little book you ever saw.

Horace. The sweetest little book I ever saw
Was that one which I laid, with yonder ring,
"The accustomed offerings to the priest and clerk."

Lydia. I hope you'll always think so, darling, for
I'm sure—

[*After some more nonsense of this kind, they resume.*]

Horace. Those stocks are handsome.

Lydia. Horace, you deserve
To be put in them. Come, dear, recollect.
The Math—

Horace. The Matthew, Mark,—

Lydia. The Mathiola
Tri—

Horace. Well, love, I am trying.

Lydia. No, I mean
Tricuspidata. O you goosey gander!

Horace. Come, I remember one, now, Mrs. Sancebon
Venus's looking Glass—I do know that.

Lydia. I don't believe it.

Horace. But I say I do.
It's—stay—I have it—speckled spectacles.

Do you think I'm quite a muff, M'm?

Lydia. Never mind;
On that point I'll say nothing, but I think
That specularia speculum might do
Better than speckled spectacles. What's *that*?

Horace. This? Ah!—(*a great sigh.*)—This flower
reminds me of the days

Then I supposed you didn't mean to have me,
 and when I thought that scented little cousin
 (kept but to keep me to proposing mark)
 'as in good truth my rival. Yes, this flower
 Love Lies Bleeding.

Lydia. Is it? Such a name
 is just as silly as your silly story.
 Poor little Paul! he loved me like a brother:
 and that's the amaranthus called caudatus.

Horace. He was a wretched mite—about as tall
 as yonder hollyhock.

Lydia. Althea rosea. .
 His figure was perfection.

Horace. The sweet P.
 Here is another, much about his size.

Lydia. That is the pisum macrocarpum, Horace,
 and I don't see why you should rail at Paul.
 He always said you were the cleverest man
 that came to see us—perhaps he made me think so.

Horace. I'm sure I always liked him, as I like
 all your relations—mothers—uncles—aunts,
 cousins—and grandmothers. I used to call him
 after that flower there, Jemmy Jessamine.

Lydia. Do call it the jasminum bracteatum.
 and you're not cross?

Horace. My Lydia, cross with thee?
 Light of my eyes, and Lady of my dreams,
 Star of my pathway—

[MR. PUNCH'S space is valuable, but the Author may
 have the remaining two hundred lines on call-
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GORGEOUS SPECTACLE.

Sarah Jane. "OH BETSY, COME 'ERE, AND BRING HISABELLER! WE
THE 'OOFS OF THE 'ORSES!!"

CONTENTMENT.—It is always best to put up with
first loss—as, for instance, when a person loses his h

MR. RIGHT.

FOR three years, during which I have occupied my present apartments, one delightful study has engaged my undivided attention. Not botany nor conchology, neither flowers nor shells do I allude to, but something more beautiful than either. I mean my opposite neighbor, Miss Alabaster, and her beaux.

Miss Alabaster keeps a Seminary for Young Ladies, in which class I presume she would deferentially include herself. She is a brunette, round and plump, with small but brilliant black eyes, nose a *little retroussé*, duplex chin, and hair done in a Chinese style, which makes her look irresistibly piquant and provoking.

How many offers my fair neighbor had prior to Mr. Right's arrival, I cannot say with any degree of precision. My own knowledge is confined to half-a-dozen. First, came a flighty young fellow, a banker's round-collared clerk, with a half-holiday movement about his legs, which betrayed his great want, decision of purpose. He played expertly enough on his own trumpet, but failed in touching the chords of affection. After having been six months on trial, Miss Alabaster pronounced his cigars odious, and he disappeared like Jupiter—in a cloud. He was succeeded by a fat fair-haired German, with pale gray eyes, whose fire had nearly gone out. This dull spark never told his love, but warbled it through a husky flute, most musical, most melancholy. The key, however, to Arabella's heart was not the key of A flat, and as bashfulness seemed to be one of Wilhelm's *crotchets*, she declined his overtures. He, therefore,

concluded his sentimental solo with a feeble shake, and retired coloring deeply—a Prussian blue. For some time Arabella sat at her window in maiden meditation, fancy free. At length a satanic little Frenchman, all eyes and teeth, flung himself before her, and with hurried vows, endeavored to wring from her that confession of devotion and dividends, which is so grateful to every ardent lover's ear. It came out, however, on a mouse running across the dining-room floor at this critical juncture, and which caused Alphonse to jump up in wonder and alarm, that he carried a dagger concealed beneath his crimson vest. Miss Alabaster saw his point at once, and scorning his cupidity, she concerted with old Meggs, her landlord, to distrain for rent, and when Alphonse called again, Arabella, with distress in her countenance, informed him that there was still more distress in the house, and could he, would he, advance the trifling sum of five-and-twenty pounds to send that horrid broker's man about his business? The *ruse* succeeded admirably. Monsieur blushed—stammered—*pardonnez-moi'd*—grinned horribly, and bade Ma'am-selle Alabastère a very good morning.

An interregnum of nearly three months succeeded the deposition of the Gaul. At length a double-breasted young minister, soft in manners, placid in mien, but cautious and keen withal, was observed to call frequently upon Miss Alabaster, who listened with unwearied interest to his orthodox discourse. My landlady and I now began to hope that Arabella's dove-like affections had found an olive bough. But fate ordained it otherwise. The day was all but fixed, some serious conferences had been held

he subject of wedding-cakes and cards, when Mister, in walking through St. Paul's Churchyard, ob-the divine proceeding at a quick pace towards Doc-commons. Prompted by some strange impulse, Arab-ollowed—he enters the Prerogative Office, secures an ook of wills, and hastily runs his eye over the letter t-length he reaches the immaculate name of “Ala-” It was Arabella's uncle, who had left her that nnuity, the mention of which had caused Arabella's ministers to smile so sweetly on their first interview. rant of confidence affected Arabella deeply. She ave pulled his ears for him, but she concealed her-nd her emotion, and when he called next day labaster had gone out of Town—a fib at which the r after truth appeared much shocked.

soon became fatigued, and so did my co-operative ly, in watching and recording Miss Alabaster's flir-, until the arrival of a stout upright and stable-g man, not saddled with infirmities, but well suited ridal. It was one Sunday evening when we first n escorting Arabella to church, and as my landlady y observed, there could be no doubt that “Mr. had come at last.”

dint of inquiry we discovered that Mr. Right was elor and a floor-cloth manufacturer, a person of good s but of defective education, as was shown by his ing his beloved's name as if he spelt it “Harry-

He, however, took steps for his own improvement, t Miss Alabaster to teach him La Polka, &c. It d us with mingled feelings of sympathy and mirth,

The sun shines high in hot July,
And farmers make their hay :
Virtue is true nobility.
" Indulge not in display."

The month of August is with harvest crowned,
And now the husbandmen their goblets prime :
In foaming jugs of ale their cares are drowned :
" Procrastination is the thief of Time."

September hears the frequent shot
Resound on hill and dale,
And sees the partridge fall—or not.
" This world is but a Vale."

October clothes the woods in brown,
And now the sportsmen are alarming
The pheasant—sometimes bring him down.
Note, that " Variety is charming."

November comes blindfold with mist and with fog,
And the year is approaching its term.
Thus along, on Life's journey, we all of us jog,
Whilst " the early bird picks up the worm."

December Christmas brings,
Along with frost and snow.
Hark how the tradesman sings—
" Pay what you owe!"

STANZAS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

On my declining to polk with ANGELINA at MRS. FLITTINGTON'S dance.

It may not be—at least not yet;
'Tis no slight cause that bids me own it;
Think not my promise I'd forget,
But for a while I must postpone it.

Think not I've ceased to love the whirl
Of giddy waltz, or polka mazy;
Nor that thy hair is out of curl,
Nor that thy EDWIN's getting lazy.

Think not 'tis through some jealous qualms
That thus I'd have thee disappointed :
Nor that a prettier rival's charms
Thy nasal organ have disjointed.

Nay, teach not those sweet lips to pout,
Nor at my pleading make wry faces;
Canst still thy faithful EDWIN doubt?
Know then the truth : I've broke my braces !

THREE THINGS MODERN YOUNG MEN CULTIVATE.—The acquaintance of a young lady with plenty of money—shirt collars as high as a garden-wall—and a moustache.

COMFORT FOR THE CORPULENT.—No man can think small beer of himself when he is well aware that he is stout.

THE LEARNED LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

"Doctæque conjugis sinu quiescere."

HORACE.

LYDIA.

LYDIA. Put down the paper, Horace, there's a dear, And come into the garden—do. I'm sure You know enough about Prince Gortschakoff And the Allies, and all their countermarching. See, what a lovely morning.

Horace.

Very well,

But may I have a weed, my darling, eh?

Lydia. No, sir, unless you name more properly The horrid thing. What did I bid you call it?

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Out of my memory—'twas Nico—something— Nitocris—no—though that's an opiate too— I know—Nicotiana.

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Yes, dear, called so From John Nicot, of Nismes, who first procured The seeds from Florida—I wish he hadn't; But as he has, I'll light it for you, pet. There, don't be silly—Horace—don't—how can you?

[*They enter the garden.*]

Horace. Well, it's a stunning morning, and you garden

Looks truly spicy, all mistakes deducted. That rose is quite a swell.

Lydia.

Like many swells,

It hath no sense—I pun upon the word,

Which should be scents—(well, make a better, Sir).
Is the rubiginosa inodora.

Horace. Then he's a humbug, and not half as good
as that Sweet William.

Lydia. Is it not as easy
to say dianthus, and to add barbatus?

Horace. Bless'd if it is, my love. I do declare
I'm half afraid to name a flower to you,
You're down upon me with no end of Latin.

Lydia (archly). I'm very terrible, I know. Don't,
Horace—

look at old Tomkins sitting at his window.

Horace. Who cares for Tomkins? What a Guy he
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among that honeysuckle.

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I shouldn't wonder if that poor red daisy
was squashed beneath a Latin epitaph.

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Lydia. Don't swear, Sir. What a fuss you make
about a few plain words, which, one would think,
any young gentleman who'd been at school
would master in a day.

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you were a girl.

Lydia. What do you mean, Sir, eh?
I'm a girl now. But for the Latin names,
you're quite mistaken—or, in better English,

You quite mistake. I learned them since we married,
Out of Sir Joseph Paxton's Dictionary,
The sweetest little book you ever saw.

Horace. The sweetest little book I ever saw
Was that one which I laid, with yonder ring,
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Lydia. I hope you'll always think so, darling, for
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[After some more nonsense of this kind, they resume.]

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To be put in them. Come, dear, recollect.
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Horace. Come, I remember one, now, Mrs. Sanselot
Venus's looking Glass—I do know that.

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Horace. But I say I do.
It's—stay—I have it—speckled spectacles.

Do you think I'm quite a muff, M'm?

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 His figure was perfection.

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 There is another, much about his size.

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 all your relations—mothers—uncles—aunts,
 Cousins—and grandmothers. I used to call him
 after that flower there, Jemmy Jessamine.

Lydia. Do call it the *jasminum bracteatum*.
 And you're not cross?

Horace. My Lydia, cross with thee?
 Light of my eyes, and Lady of my dreams,
 Star of my pathway—

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Sarah Jane. "OH BETSY, COME 'ERE, AND BRING HISABELLER! WE'VE GOT THE 'OOFS OF THE 'OSES!!"

CONTENTMENT.—It is always best to put up with first loss—as, for instance, when a person loses his hat

MR. RIGHT.

OR three years, during which I have occupied my apartment, one delightful study has engaged my divided attention. Not botany nor conchology, neither fish nor shells do I allude to, but something more beautiful than either. I mean my opposite neighbor, Miss Alabaster, and her beaux.

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How many offers my fair neighbor had prior to Mr. Right's arrival, I cannot say with any degree of precision. My own knowledge is confined to half-a-dozen. First,

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the most delightful music. Upon the shark being opened the secret was laid bare. Lo, and behold, there was a cottage piano inside its stomach! The instrument was open, and in front of it there was found a copy of *Mer's Exercises*."

An Irish Oculist has the theory that the potato-rot arises from too much moisture, the consequence of which, he says, is to give the potato a cataract in its eye. He has devoted a whole lifetime to the special study of this disease, and he now makes the announcement that he has succeeded in inventing a "Potato Eye Snuff," which he guarantees will effectually cure the ophthalmic evil.

It is solemnly asserted by English Jurists that the Devil's dominion lies in a Wig." But we can record a more wonderful phenomenon than that, for we actually knew an instance of the Wisdom lying in a Tory!—and at election time it lied pretty soundly too.

Elderly ladies, who have the privilege of proposing to young gentlemen during Leap-Year, should make it a rule of residing at Niagara, for at the falls every year is a Leap-Year.

Barnum is about to proceed to London for the purpose of purchasing Vauxhall Gardens exactly as they are, and bringing them over with the Hermit, the 10,000 additional Lamps, Sea-Horses, and every thing all contained in Niblo's Gardens.

Mr. Mitchell is in the North, trying his best to cultivate the famous breed of Kilkenny Cats in our country.

The reason why the ladies wear such tremendous circumferential dresses, is a very spiteful one. It is

make it more difficult than ever for their poor weak fools
f husbands to get round them.

PUNCH'S POT-POURRI POUR RIRE.

No woman is a beauty to her *femme-de-chambre*.

A Lawyer's carriage is only a legal conveyance—and
; is the client, as often as it stops at his door, who pays
or the drawing up of it.

Most Golden Calves, when thrown into the crucible
f Time, turn out no better than Pigs of Lead !

Life is a Romance, of which a Coquette never tires
f turning over a new leaf.

Mock no man for his snud-nose, for you never can tell
that may turn up.

A character, like a kettle, once mended, always wants
mending.

Be kind even in your reproofs, and reserve them till
he morning. No one can sleep well who goes to bed with
flea in his ear.

The man who is fond of staking his reputation upon
he smallest trifle, generally retires from the contest
efore he is called upon to deposit his stake.

Life is full of contradictions—but Woman takes very
ood care that we shall never hear the last of it.

It is wrong to judge men by trifles. The man, yes-
erday, who kept the dinner waiting half-an-hour, keeps
his mother-in-law !

USE AND ABUSE. The Cab and the Driver.

ON TIGHT LACING.

You are aware, young ladies, that by means of lacing, the waist of the female figure may be made as thin as that of the wasp, and to resemble the form of an hour-glass, or the letter X; thus very much improving its appearance. You have seen, perhaps, the statue of Venus de Medicis; and you know what a frightful appearance it has, in consequence of the model from which it was taken evidently never having worn a *corset*.

The rose, however, is never without the thorn, and the most agreeable evening party has its drawbacks.



IT MAKETH RED THE NOSE.

are, unhappily, some unpleasant results consequent upon the impression, at the expense of which a slender waist is purchased.

The circulating fluid, from a disagreeable law of nature, is forced up into the head. The color of the fluid is as you know. The delicate health attendant on lacing forbids it to adorn the cheek, and accordingly is transferred to the nose, which its tint does not adorn by any means. Within the circle of the waist are compressed certain pliable vessels, whose freedom from pressure is fortunately required. When they are subject to any action, as they are by close lacing, there is a vexatious



IT MAKETH ANKLES AND FEET TO SWELL.

tendency in the ankles to swell; and the worst tight shoe only renders the disfigurement the more conspicuous.

Young ladies have also some tiresome muscled support is necessary to the spine. Their power is stroyed—what a pity this is!—by tight stays; and the back assumes a curvature. How grievous cannot be at once slender and straight!

Comfort must also be sacrificed to elegance, reduction of the waist occasions giddiness and lightheadedness. This perhaps alone would be a trifle; but lacing



THE HANDS INCREASE IN SIZE.

life: and as the contracted figure suggests a resemblance to the hour-glass, the hour-glass suggests a warning of a contracted figure.

CRINOLINE'S RAGING FURY;

OR, THE FASHIONABLE FEMALE'S SUFFERINGS.

You rustie maids of England,
Who dress yourselves with ease,
Ah, little do you think how hard
It is French taste to please.
Give ear unto the milliners,
And they will plainly show
With what care, tight with air,
They our Crinolines do blow.

All you that will be modish,
Must bear a steadfast heart;
For when boys gibe you in the streets,
You must not blush nor start;
Nor must you be disgusted
To hear them cry, "Hallo!
I should think you will shrink:
Give your Crinoline a blow!"

The bitter jests and sarcasms
A poor girl must endure,
And look a fright to dress aright,
Are grievous, to be sure;

Our skirts they are derided
For being puffed out so,
That by steam, it would seem,
We our Crinolines do blow.

In growls like distant thunder,
Which gruffness doth enforce,
We oft hear things old fogies say,
Beyond all bearing coarse;
This causes indignation,
And makes our anger glow;
But disdain is in vain,
And our Crinolines we blow.

Sometimes when Neptune's bosom
Is tossed with stormy waves,
A lady walks out shopping,
And wind and weather braves;
Borne off her legs she mounteth,
And cometh down so slow,
Broad and light, with such might,
We our Crinolines do blow.

A maid exerts the bellows
To bloat us round about,
When woman's arm doth fail us,
Then man's must help it out;
We ring for John's assistance—
For he is strong, we know—
To help puff us and stuff us
When our Crinolines we blow.

The husband, and the lover,
May simple gowns prefer,
That fit the form, and in a storm,
With safety let one stir;
Reproaches fierce, our hearts that pierce,
Against our taste they throw,
Which we poor things endure,
Whilst our Crinolines we blow.

We put on costly merchandise
Of most enormous price,
So much we need of drapery,
To follow this device;
We spend so much in drapery,
Of such a size to show,
And with toil our shape spoil,
When our Crinolines we blow.

FALLACY FOR THE FACULTIES.—Why ought a tailor to begin to make a coat until he tries it on? Because thing in connection with business ought to be done fitting time.

LOVE IN LOW LIFE.—Before marriage the man is very struck with the woman, and afterwards the woman is much struck by the man.

VEIL.—A Lace Blind, worn by a woman, not to her blushes, but to save her complexion.

BETTY LITTLE THOUGHT.—The Squirrel jumps from branch to branch, the Flirt from beau to beau.

THE WORKS AND SAYINGS OF ANON.

OF Anon but little is known, though his works are excessively numerous. He has dabbled in every thing. Prose and Poetry were alike familiar to his pen. One moment he will be up the highest flights of philosophy, and the next he will be down in some kitchen-garden of literature, culling an Enormous Goosebury, to present it to the columns of some provincial newspaper. His contributions are scattered wherever the English language is read. Open any volume of Miscellanies, at any place you will, and you are sure to fall upon some choice little bit, signed by "Anon." What a mind must his have been! It took in every thing, like a pawnbroker's shop. Nothing was too trifling for its grasp. Now, he was hanging on to the trunk of an elephant, and explaining to you how it was more elastic than a pair of india-rubber braces; and next he would be constructing a suspension-bridge with a series of monkeys' tails, tying them together as they do pocket-handkerchiefs in the gallery of a theatre when they want to fish up a bonnet that has fallen into the Pit.

Anon is one of our greatest authors. If all the things which are signed with Anon's name were collected on rows of shelves, he would require a British Museum all to himself. And yet of this great man so little is known that we are not even acquainted with his Christian name. There is no certificate of baptism; no mouldy tombstone, no musty washing-bill in the world on which we can hook the smallest line of speculation whether it was John, or James, or Joshua, or Tom, or Dick, or Billy Anon.

same, that a man should write so much, and yet be known so little. Oblivion uses its snuffers, sometimes, very unjustly.

On second thoughts, perhaps, it is as well that the works of Anon were not collected together. His reputation for consistency would not probably be increased by the collection. It would be found that frequently he had contradicted himself—that in many instances, when he had been warmly upholding the Christian white of a question, he had afterwards turned round, and maintained with equal warmth the Pagan black of it. He might often be discovered on both sides of a truth, jumping boldly from the right side over to the wrong, and flinging big stones at any one who dared to assail him in either position. Such double-sidedness would not be pretty, and yet we should be lenient to such inconsistencies. With one, who had written so many thousand volumes, who had twirled his thoughts as with a mop on every possible subject, how was it possible to expect any thing like consistency? How was it likely that he could recollect every little atom out of the innumerable mountains his pen had heaped up?

Anon ought to have been rich, but he lived in an age when piracy was the fashion, and when booksellers walked about, as it were, like Indian chiefs with the skulls of the authors they had slain hung round their necks. No wonder, therefore, that we know nothing of the wealth of Anon. Doubtless he died in a garret, like many other kindred spirits, Death being the only score out of the many knocking at his door that he could pay. But to his immortal credit *let it be said*, he has filled more libraries than the

most generous patrons of literature. The volumes that formed the fuel of the barbarians' bonfire at Alexandria, would be but a small bookstall by the side of the octavos, quartos, and duodecimos he has pyramidized on our bookshelves. Look through any catalogue you will, and you will find that a large proportion of the works in it have been contributed by Anon. The only author, who can in the least compete with him in fecundity and variety of subject, is Ibid.

We will now endeavor to give a few specimens of the varied powers, and comprehensive intelligence of poor neglected Anon:

"Parents should recollect that children are little better than pillows—yielding to the heads that recline upon them either comfort and rest, or uneasiness and sleepless anxiety, according to the way in which they have been filled."—*Anon.*

"The greenest persons are noted always for making the finest pickles."—*Anon.*

"'Where there is smoke there is fire,' says the old proverb, and this is more particularly true, at most firesides, of tobacco smoke. The moment the husband begins to smoke, that very moment the wife begins to fire."—*Anon.*

"It must be confessed that fools in their emptiness offer a rich temptation for plunder, as deserted houses are often ransacked for the sake of the lead that covers them."—*Anon.*

"When an apostate turns, it is as a windmill turns, to make bread by it."—*Anon.*

"Relieve misfortune quickly. A man is like an egg—the longer he is kept in hot water, the harder he is when taken out of it."—*Anon.*

"A Sophist fishes for a common place with a crooked in."—*Anon.*

"There are two sides to every question—there is the knife side, and there is the fork side—and that is the best way of settling every question. It's hard, indeed, if, before the dinner is over, the Truth has not been found on one side or the other."—*Anon.*

"The Battle of Life may be thus defined :—' Courtship is the engagement or siege, the Proposal is the assault, and Matrimony the victory.' And what comes after Matrimony? Why, I am sure I don't know, unless, it is the *Te Deum* (*tædium*) that comes after most victories."—*Anon.*

"An angry woman in a room is as bad as a lighted cracker—for when once she goes off, there's no stopping her, and when she does go out, it is sure to be with a bang!"—*Anon.*

We hope we have strung sufficient pearls for a necklace to hang round the neglected neck of the immortal *Anon.*

YOUR LITERARY WOMEN.

LITERARY women (says JENKINS) remind him of beautiful flowers, that have been withered and dried between sheets of blotting paper.



Old Gent.—"CONFOUND THE BOYS AND THEIR TOPS! WHERE
POLICE?"

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS!—Long words, like dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the standing.

THE OLDEST NOTE OF INTERROGATION.—A note you if you are engaged on Christmas day.

"BREACHES OF DECORUM."—A Highlander's t

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.

WE are sorry to say we have mislaid the questions to the following. However, we print the answers, as we consider them far too good to be lost. As soon as the Questions are found, they shall be published.

1. Because it's Candle-house (*scandalous*).
2. Because the one axes his way, and the other weighs his axe.
3. An Alley-gaitor (*alligator*), and a Gutter Percher (*gutta-percha*).
4. The difference is this—in the first place the roll is mustered, and in the second the mustard is rolled.
5. When it's a-niche-in (*an itching*) of BURNS.
6. Because six postage stamps are equal to one kick.
7. AMELIA'S waxy-natur (*vaccinator*), and MURPHY'S ~~the~~ Tête-or (*'tatur-'tatur*).
8. The one's Civil, and the other Militia is (*malicious*).
9. Because formerly it was Nile (*nihil*), but now it is fummut of Mont Blanc.
10. Because he's made an impression with sealing-wax (*ceiling-whacks*).
11. Because it is easier for him to hire his stand than it is for his opponent to stand his ire.
12. Because he throws his arms round his Sairey railing (*his airey railing*).

HOW TO SEE THE TEETH OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

PRaise her rival before her face, and you may depend upon it, *she will soon show her teeth.*

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

A MARRIED PUNSTER receives a few Pupils at his Residence, and has now a vacancy for Six, at the moderate premium of Three Hundred Guineas. The Pupils are instructed in every branch of the Joking Art, including a solid course of Conundrums, and every other requisite of a sound facetious education. There is a resident Professor for the foreign *jeu de mot* department, and it will be the constant aim of the principal to bring the minds of his young charges into a condition that will qualify them for the honorable profession to which they aspire. References can be given to the Parents of young Punsters. There is a play-ground for practical joking. Inclusive terms, Three Hundred Guineas per annum.

HOW TO WEED YOUR FRIENDS.—Any particular misfortune will weed them. For instance, if you give them a violent turn with an imaginary Bankruptcy, or send a fictitious Insolvency cutting through the whole field of them, you will soon have it well weeded. In short, harrow them in the best way you can, and the weeds cannot fail being collected by the harrowing process. When you have got them in a heap, you had better scatter them to the winds.

PRIZE (FIGHTING) JOKE.

A DISTINGUISHED Pugilist hearing that there had been some fighting at Milan, said he didn't see how there could be millin' without.

STANZAS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL

*On a Tear which ANGELINA observed Trickling down my Nose at
time.*

NAY, fond one ! I will ne'er reveal
Whence flowed that sudden tear :
The truth 'twere kindness to conceal
From thy too anxious ear.

How often when some hidden spring
Of recollected grief
Is rudely touched, a tear will bring
The bursting breast relief !

Yet 'twas no anguish of the soul,
No memory of woes,
Bade that one lonely tearlet roll
Adown my chiselled nose :

But, ah ! interrogation's note
Still twinkles in thine eye ;
Know then that I have burnt my throat
With this confounded pie !

DON'T SAY NEIGH !

WE understand that some check has been given
horse-eating mania by the fear that the too frequent
of *osses* will bring on a tendency to ossification
heart.—N.B. The reader is requested to respond
above with a horse-laugh ?

GETTING DRUNK WITH A PURPOSE.

A MOVEMENT is now on foot to put a legislative stop to drinking of every kind of beer or spirit, "except for medicinal purposes." Whether it will be an improvement saturate society with water instead of moistening it with it, is a question we leave to those who delight in dry cussion; but we must warn the friends of total abstinence that the exception "for medicinal purposes" is sufficient to throw the whole question overboard. We never knew an old woman who could not find a "medicinal pose" for every glass of grog she happened to have a cy for. If an Act of Parliament should ever be passed prohibit spirit drinking, except for medicinal purposes, will be absolutely necessary to add a schedule of imaginary maladies which shall be declared to be not within the options allowed by the statute. In this schedule we should comprise that anile ailing familiarly known as the ind," which has caused the consumption of more brandy water by elderly females in one month than has been sipped by the most inveterate toppers during an equal period. We must also guard the legislature against the advance of "spasms" as a ground of exception to any measure for the prohibition of dram drinking, for there is no doubt that any woman of a certain age can command "spasms" at any moment, when she is desirous of calling "spirits from the vasty deep" of the cellaret.

HINT TO MISCHIEF-MAKERS.—Every medal has its reverse—and every meddler deserves to meet with one.

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

To look at the Ladies' bonnets, you would imagine the March winds had blown them all off, but it is no thing; it is only an air the bonnets, in their conceit, themselves. They fly off of their own accord, and believe so stiff-necked are they in their generation, that all the blowing upon in the world would be able to turn them a different turn.

A MONSTER IN HUMAN FORM.

WE know (but shall drop his acquaintance as soon as we get married) a blighted old Bachelor, who says, 'he supposes, the natural diet of an infant being will account for its (s)cream !'

FAITHFUL EVEN IN AFFLICTION.—Your true woman never *acknowledge she is beaten* ! Even in cases of brutality on the part of the husband, you see that Menstruators have the greatest difficulty in getting the woman to admit the fact !

NIOBE FOR A BETTER HALF.—A poor simple husband has a wife, who is so addicted to crying, that he calls "the perpetual Tear and wear of his life."

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.—Woman is a beautiful fiction that can be told, in the dark even, by its (s)talk.

A LAZY HORSE.—The Pegasus of Genius seldom without the spur of necessity.

THE MAHOGANY SPEAKER.

WHEN a man—a young man, not born with natural eloquence; a youth to whose lips the potato blossom has never magically imparted the flowers of speech—when, we say, a young man is called upon his legs, and stands with ground glass in his stockings—his heart working, like a piston, twenty coward power—his ears ringing with the vibrations of forty thousand bells—his eyes striving to fix the dancing candles, and his tongue as cold and motionless, lying in his mouth withal as clammy as a dead snail,—when a man is in this most tremendous stress of emotion, then—and particularly then—he is called upon to own that that very moment of insupportable agony is, beyond all conceivable comparison—the happiest moment of his life!

We say nothing of the hypocrisy of the assertion. Hypocrisy is highly necessary in decent life. It is the veneer of mahogany covering the deal plank; making the meaner wood presentable in good society. We say nothing of the hypocrisy; but sympathize very deeply with the sufferings of the hypocrite. Hence, in the exuberance of that goodness that for the past ten years has put forth this Pocket Book as a daily guide and monitor to millions, we propose to set down a certain number of toasts to meet some of the large and small necessities of table, or, so to speak, of mahogany life. And to begin:—

I.—A BIRTHDAY SPEECH ON ARRIVING AT THE AGE OF ONE AND TWENTY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Standing on the broad ground of *manhood*, I look around me and I thank you.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I feel my responsibility; I feel my privileges of citizenship, and I hope I also feel my duties. Yesterday I was an infant—to-day [*here strike the bosom with the expanded hand*] to-day I am a man. According to the benignity of the British Constitution, I am eligible [*this supposes you not to be a Jew*] to any office. I see a bright and extended line before me; beginning with the churchwarden and ending with the Prime Minister. I hope, if called upon by my parish or my country, I shall be found equal—(as that distinguished novelist Eugene Aram has observed)—equal to either fortune! And now, permit me to allude to the authors of my being; the proudest of authors, since it can be said of every child what cannot be said of every book, the child is original. [*Use or omit this, according to the capacity of the company for a joke.*] To the best of fathers I owe much; and when I feel assured that it is, despite of himself, his paternal intention to pay all my debts, when I feel this, I also feel I shall owe him considerably more! Indeed, at the present moment, I cannot venture to surmise the amount of obligation: however, let that pass, but let it pass into thankfulness for what is gone—and, oh! with treble thankfulness for the allowance that is to come. And now, how shall I speak of the kindness of my mother? How, with sufficient affection for years of indulgence, beginning in the dim twilight of infancy, with the unlimited run of the sugar-basin, and ending with any amount of pocket-money and (heroically daring the anger of my father), with the secret trust of the latch-key. I have also to thank the friends of my childhood. To you, Mrs.—

Here name], who watched over my second teeth, and took me to the dentist's, when my mother shrank from that painful duty; to you I owe my dental regularity [*here smile*], and trust that, for many years, I may exercise my molars and incisors on your beef and pudding. May the day be long, long distant, when I shall inherit your punch-badle, ornamented with a Queen Anne's guinea, to say nothing of the base mammon, called, in the slang of the selfish world, the Three per Cents. And you, sir—[*name and address family friends*],—can I forget the interest you, my godfather, took in my earliest welfare? Can I cease to remember that upon your wholesome advice I was wholesomely flogged for truant, when the weakness of my parents would have suffered me to pass unscathed? No, sir; that most healthy flagellation I shall never forget. It is marked—[*here again the hand to the heart*],—marked indelibly here. You are a childless bachelor: would it were otherwise! Would I could call the son of such a friend my friend. It was not to be, and I bow to fate. However, sir, believe this; the name with which you have honored me shall never be sullied: nor shall the estate with which that name is proudly associated—should it in fulness of time descend to me, for one month, one day, one hour, one minute—be sullied by a mortgage—be blighted by a money-lender. Ladies and gentlemen, forgive my feelings: and, in conclusion, believe, and although I am—I am—indeed a man, I never felt so much a child.

II.—A BRIDEGROOM'S SPEECH. "THE HEALTH OF THE BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE."

MY FRIENDS,—Of myself at this most mystic hour, I will say nothing. No; but I thank you for my

wife. Wife! Blissful monosyllable. A blended of all earth's music! Wife,—that calls up, as enchanter's wand, the homestead and the hearth-kettle singing, rejoicingly singing on the bar—and sleeping, profoundly sleeping on the rug! A word intensifies so many meanings! The call of butcher—baker—and milk below—and quarter's rent—and rate and the Queen's taxes. Ladies and gentlemen, I only glance at the wedding-ring upon my wife's finger that ring and that finger which it has been the summ of my bliss this morning to bring together—when I upon that simple bit of golden wire, it seems to me in the words of the beautiful bard of Avon, “I have put a girdle round about the world”—a world of beauty, truth, of constancy and love. When I look at that ring—and how can I help looking at it?—does not its brightness fascinate and chain me—yes, I will repeat it; I am proud to repeat it,—chain me? When I look at that ring am I not reminded of the circle of domestic duties—a circle, even and complete, and without a flaw; a circle harmonious with golden utterance, a circle of purity without alloy—a never-ending, still beginning round of earthly happiness. My friends, when the honeymoon is over—not that it ever will be over with my own—own—[*Here give the bride's name, Arabella or Dorcas, as the name may be*],—and myself, (for we propose to enjoy twelve honeymoons every year of our lives,) when I enter my house—and here let us return due thanks to my honored father-in-law who has furnished that unpretending mansion with equal taste and liberality, though he will forgive me, if in

his confiding hour, when the heart swells, and the tongue will speak, if I jocosely observe to him, that the house has a wine-cellar, and that *his* taste in tawny port is unexceptionable,—when I say I enter my house, and for the first time sinking in my arm-chair, place my slippered feet upon my rug—that rug worked by certain hands with hearts-ease and roses—I shall say to myself, here is my paradise and here—[*here look at the bride very passionately*!—and here my Eve!

III.—ON RECEIVING A PIECE OF PLATE.

GENTLEMEN,—In having filled the office of—[*here put in the office, whether that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Churchwarden, or Treasurer to a Cricket Club,*]—I assure you I have had but one object—your interest. That object, I fearlessly assert, has never ceased to accompany me. It has gone to bed with me; it has slept with me; it has got up with me; it has shaved with me. Your interest, gentlemen, has been the polar-star to my eye, the staff to my hand, and the roses to my feet. Do I say this to make any claim upon your gratitude? No, gentlemen: in giving utterance to these solemn and profound emotions—for they are solemn, since they are not often evoked but upon serious occasions like the present—they are profound, for they come from the very bottomest bottom of my heart—(gentlemen, it is sometimes the allowed privilege of deep feeling to violate grammar, a privilege that my impulsive soul must lay claim to at this moment)—in giving utterance to this, and much more than this, much more easily conceived than spoken, I merely



state that in fulfilling your service, I have fulfilled my own personal pleasure ! I have sought no other reward—I expected none—I wished for none. Nevertheless, gentlemen, when I look upon the splendid candelabra before me—a candelabra of fourteen branches,—I beg to assure you that I shall again and again in the deep midnight contemplate the fourteen wax candles that will be continually turning therein,—only as so many lights to higher exertion—as so many vivifying suns kindling and strengthening me in your service.]

[*If the piece of plate should be a snuff-box, say—*And, gentlemen, whenever I open this box, whenever my finger and thumb shall take from within a restorative pinch, and taken, when my finger and thumb shall fillip off the articles that may adhere, I shall moralize upon those articles, and think all rewards but dust, but that best reward, your friendship—your support.]

[*If the token presented be a watch, say—*And never, gentlemen, shall I hear it tick, but my heart will pulsate in unison with its sound ; never will it strike the time, but my fancy will, with backward flight, return to the present moment, the happiest, proudest, moment of my life !]

[*Should the speaker be a married man, and should a silver tea-pot be also presented to his wife, he may say—*It is said, ladies and gentlemen, that a man must not praise himself. Yet how is it possible to avoid such eulogy when called upon to speak of his wife—who is of himself—the dearest and most precious part of his existence ? Gentlemen, I thank you for Mrs. —. You have inscribed some of her virtues on that silver tea-pot : I fearlessly

say some of them, gentlemen, for I do assure you—though do not misinterpret such assurance—it would take an exceedingly large silver tea-board to boot, to bear even in the shortest short-hand a notice of the qualities that, like the flowers upon the satin gown in which she appears before you on this happy occasion, cover and adorn her. Ladies and gentlemen, whilst thanking you for this tea-pot, permit me to say that you could not have chosen a more appropriate present for our domestic hearth. What the tripod was to the ancient priestess, the tea-pot (with a considerable improvement) is to the English housewife. If it does not inspire her with prophecy, it does much better; it fills her with gentleness and good humor, and makes her cheerful in bestowing cups of cheerfulness upon others. Gentlemen, it is said by Arabian writers, that Solomon's genii were confined in kettles—then allow me to say, they must have been tea-kettles; for from them—ministered by woman—man drinks quietude, refreshing calmness, and domestic wisdom.]

We could add twenty other samples; but feel assured that, with only a tolerable memory, and presence of mind exercised at some half-dozen tables, the speaker may adapt the above sentences to almost any subject, melting them like broken glass, and blowing them again into different objects.

HOW TO BE AN EARLY BIRD.—Jump out of bed the moment you hear the knock at the door. The man who hesitates when called is lost. The mind should be made up in a minute, for early rising is one of those subjects *that admit of no turning over.*

LOVE'S INCREASE.

THEY say that years have changed thee, that thy hair.

Once raven black, is 'turned to iron gray ;
That thy complexion, once so passing fair,
Is like the deeds which property convey.

They tell me that thy cheek is cover'd o'er
With furrows, which to age possess a fitness ;
No matter—dearest, I will love thee more,
And to my truth let those indentures witness.

They whisper that thy former sylph-like waist
Is far more podgy than it used to be ;
Well ! well ! kind Nature does but show her taste
In making much—something too much—of thee.

If thou wert twice thy size, my sighs the same
I'd breathe for thee—I still should cry, "no matter,"
With love I burn—shall fat put out the flame ?
No, I had loved thee, hadst thou been much fatter.

HOW TO COOK YOUR DINNER WITHOUT COALS, GAS, OR
FUEL !—Have three Removes, for we all know that "three
removes are as good as a Fire."

CURIOUS CHINESE DEFINITION.—The Chinese call a
pricking conscience "a hedgehog with all the points turned
inwards."

RUINS.—You never saw a ruin without ivy—you never
saw a ruined man but he had a lawyer clinging round him.

BAD THOUGHTS.

(Written at Baden-Baden.)

FROM the little gratitude shown nowadays, you would imagine no one ever did an act of kindness.

Little by little, as we travel through life, do our whims increase, and become more troublesome—just like women's luggage on a journey.

A girl at school would like to have two birthdays every year. When she grows up a woman, she objects to having even one.

The Parentage of a Lie is the most difficult of all to trace. It is, indeed, a clever Lie that knows its own Father!

The worst kind of borrower is he who borrows with the intention of repaying, for you know to a moral certainty that he intends to borrow again.

If England was a paradise, still you would find Englishmen grumbling.

More beggars are relieved for the sake of getting rid of them than from any feeling of charity.

It is a curious system of drainage to close up all the Sewers, and to leave the Thames open into which they all flow!

They say "Friendship is but a name;" at all events it is not one you often see on the back of a bill.

It is strange how often it occurs, whenever a person is disinclined to do a thing, that he is laboring under "a cold!"

Scandal, like a kite, to fly well, depends greatly on the length of the tale it has to carry.

A SONG

WHEN lovely woman, prone to folly,
Finds that e'en ROWLAND'S oils betray;
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can turn gray hairs away?

The only art gray hairs to cover,
To hide their tint from every eye,
To win fresh praises from her lover,
And make him offer—is to dye.

THUMBNAIL PORTRAITS.

THE MAN WHO PARTS HIS HAIR DOWN THE MIDDLE.

HE has been brought up at home, or else educated at a girl's school. He can make pies and puddings, and is an unfailing hand at threading a needle. His sisters have taught him to sew, and it is said that he mends his own stockings, but at all events he does not practise the art in public. He wears turn-down collars, and cultivates sentimental poetry. He plays the flute, and loves to look at the moon. His great passion is reading novels. Many a night's rest has a lovely heroine robbed him of! His voice is soft and flute-like—but a flute that only plays the very lowest notes. There is a confidential tone about his conversation, as if he were whispering some fearful secret that he was mortally afraid would be overheard. If he goes to the theatre he takes his goloshes with him. He is

timid, and has been known to walk up and down a cook's for half-an-hour before he has dared go in for a penny bun. At an evening party, he drinks ade, or orangeade, or sherryade, or any other mild man's "ade;" in the daytime, if he imbibes any it is milk, or ginger-beer. Beer he sets his lips against, as, in his refined opinion, it tends to grossness, contributes to Ladies' Albums, collects autographs, acrostics, and is indefatigable in his exertions if a lady should want half a million soiled postage stamps to complete a charitable wager. His remarks upon things and persons are as invaluable as they are inexhaustible, but personally, he is not very strong, and he cannot sit long back to his horses. It makes him giddy to walk, and he hands the muffins round with a grace that no lady could fuse. He sings in the sweetest little voice that will wake up a canary. But he is very miserable in his own home, and is always breaking his heart, or begging that he may die, but if he were asking you to pass the melted butter, he couldn't put the request more mildly. At a picnic he is invaluable—(and we never new a pic-nic take place) without him. He runs for the plates, cleans the knives and forks, fetches the spring water, and does a number of little useful things whilst the other gentlemen are quietly seated down the grass eating their dinners. More than ten pockets are always stocked with pincushions, and salt bottles, voice-lozenges, and pocket scissors and contain an infinity of nick-nacks most serviceable to the ladies, who call him in return "a dear man;" and he is

appy as when he is carrying their shawls and parasols, or tuning their guitar, or holding their music, or with his ambric pocket handkerchief (a perfect cobweb, that you might roll up into less than a pill), is frightening away the "nasty gnats."

With him all children are "dears" and "pets"—all babies, "sweet little things;" and he stabs them playfully with his finger, and "chickabiddies" them until he makes them cry. He doesn't like children, however, who romp and are noisy, disagreeable children, who pull him about, and disarrange his trowsers by climbing up his knees, or dirty his clean gaiters by standing on his boots, or tumble his beautiful hair. To conclude with a few rapid characteristics. THE MAN WHO PARTS HIS HAIR (it is generally light hair or a faint auburn) DOWN THE MIDDLE perfumes his handkerchief, likes homemade wines, is passionately fond of flowers, adores BYRON, cannot bear onions, carries an eye-glass, keeps a diary and a cat, holds skeins of silk for babies, is ready to lend a hand to table-turning or any other fashionable folly of the day, rarely dances, has an inveterate habit of never parting with his hat, and is invaluable in taking an elderly lady down to dinner.

HOMŒOPATHY.

A COCKNEY, who is still at large, desires to know—"What is the meaning of the motto of the Homœopathists. *Similia similibus curantur?*" The Cockney, in default of other response, makes answer to himself—"Any man (*Hahnemann*) may cure any man!"

PLATITUDES.

By our Old Codger.

THE French Republic is always represented with Phrygian head-dress. The fittest ornament for it, I think would be a "*Mob-cap*."

I do abominate all parrots, perroquets, and cockatoos and the awful noises they make. I am sure they are tolerated by ladies, because they are such "delicious creatures" (*screechers*).

It is very curious that men never know they have grey hairs. The discovery is always made for them by other people.

There is no peacemaker in the world like a good dinner.

We do not dislike men so much who are ruining themselves—it is only when they are ruined.

France should be painted, like Fortune, standing on a wheel—for she seems to have quite a turn for revolutions.

If you wish to hear all your faults freely canvassed, have your portrait taken, and invite your friends to call and keep you company.

The best part of a public dinner is that there are no children after dessert.

HEMP TO ITS BEST USE.—Those who think that it is better to teach people not to commit crime than to punish them for committing it, will probably find encouragement in a fact of which paper-manufacturers have been reminded by the present scarcity of rags, namely, that whatever material can be used for the making of rope, can be used for the making of paper.

A TRAGEDY IN LONDON LIFE.

SCENE:—A handsome Mansion in a Fashionable Square.

Stranger in Black. I believe, sir, you are a medical man, and the proprietor of a certain "Pierian Spring," advertised under the title of the "*Eau de Jouvence*," at is. the bottle?

Medical Man. I am, sir.

Stranger in Black. That Water is reputed to be rawn from the classic "Fountain of Youth," of which you lone, sir, possess the key, and professes, if I am to believe his document (*reads prospectus*), "to remove freckles, longate the eyelashes, brighten the pupil of the eye, gîve filbert shape to the nails, eradicate corns, mollify the sin," and, besides curing all mortal complaints, from chil-lains down to cholera; guarantees likewise, if I am not rong, to "lengthen the span of human existence to an in-alculable extent, such as the Patriarchs never dreamt of?"

Medical Man. It does, sir.

Stranger in Black. Then, sir, allow me to say I am n Undertaker. Here is my card, sir—"MR. CAPET MOR-UAM"—and I have come to say, sir, that I shall be most appy to allow you a commission of 35 per cent., sir—I ve close by—upon all the business you may send me.

[*Whether the Undertaker was kicked out, or whether an agreement was then and there entered into between him and the Doctor, is best known to the Registrar of Deaths for that particular district.*]

TRANSPARENCIES.

WHEN the mother of a large family of grown-upsters pays a great deal of court to a rich young man is not yet blest with a wife, her conduct becomes so lously Transparent that all her female friends openly at her for it.

When a Candidate plays with the children Elector, and stuffs them with oranges and sugar and pays compliments to the wife, and begs to have a baby whilst "she gets her good man's dinner ready," does not require the sight of a lynx, or a conjuror, to see through a miserable Transparency like that.

When a friend drops in after dinner, and brings a bag of filberts with him, the Transparency assumes immediately the rich glow of a bottle of wine.

When a medical man is called out of church on every Sunday, he must flatter himself exceedingly, and fancy no one sees through a trick so excessively transparent as that.

When a proud, extravagant family breaks up its establishment in town and country, sells off every thing and goes to live on the Continent for the purpose of giving the children the best Continental education," when there are many persons, even of the most benevolent turn of mind, who give much faith to a story so transparent.

When Government talks year after year of the 'accounts being framed with the strictest regard to my,' we wonder how many persons are taken in by Transparency?

When a young swell puts down his horses, and voluntarily gives up his dog-cart, because he "has been ordered to take exercise," the only effect such a Transparency can have on the eyes and minds of his friends is to make them exchange looks of comical incredulity, and smile.

When a servant wishes for a holiday "to go and see her mother" on Easter Monday, or a clerk asks for "a day's leave, if convenient, for the purpose of visiting his aunt in the country who is very poorly," on the Derby Day, though the requests in both instances may be acceded to, still we suspect that the masters, in granting them, kindly shut their eyes to the extreme Transparency of the excuse.

TALE OF THE DOG-DAYS.

"It is not perhaps generally known"—as the penny-a-liners say, when they are about to furnish a shilling's worth of the very stalest news—that there exists in London a regular body of professional dog-stealers. The members of the fraternity are understood to keep a Secretary to conduct their correspondence, as well as a large tanning establishment, to prepare for the leather market the hides of such animals as are not ransomed by their owners. The dog-stealers recently took a savage way to work on the fears of an old lady whose pet had fallen into the hands of "the trade," and who had shown some reluctance to lay down the sum of eight pounds, which had been demanded as the price for the restoration of the favorite.

The owner of the delicate animal received one morning by post the tips of her dog's ears, with an intimation that

the entire animal would be forwarded to her by post in the same minute instalments unless the money was forthcoming, and that on the next day the parties who sent the letter proposed to drink each other's health in a cup of dog's nose. Rather than submit to the infliction of these homœopathic doses of anguish, composed of infinitesimal morsels of her lost favorite, the lady at once sent the sum demanded, and received her dog, minus the tips of his ears, on the day following.

LINES DRAWN IN A CIRCLE.

BY A SHAKESPEARIAN CLOWN.

MATRIMONY is a Circus. Many noble creatures enter it, run round and round, and kick up a fine dust, but how few get properly trained and broken into it!

Lovers' vows at an evening party are but paper-hoops—held up one moment, and broken through the next.

Compliments are the blue fire that lights up life's dingy scenery.

A Beauty in curl-papers is a Clown without paint.

The bread that is made of saw-dust is perhaps the driest of all.

Be considerate to all fools. Many a Clown, who tumbles in public to make you laugh aches bitterly for it perhaps, in private.

I call Charity "lowering a difficulty—as we lower a scarf in the Circle—when you see a person hasn't the strength to leap over it."

The true aim of satire should be, like that of our gun—making a good report, but wounding no one.

Small talk is the chaff that leads a young lady from Flat to Flat, in the same way that a horse is led across the age by a sieve of fictitious oats.

Perseverance is failing nineteen times and succeeding on the twentieth—but when you do succeed, good gracious! how the applause does come down!

The Stage has two sides, like its “banners”—the one brilliant, and the other dull,—and the public judges of it by seeing only the brilliant side.

I have observed many tumbles through life, but I have invariably noticed that it is the man who mounts the high horse, that receives the least pity when he falls.

Genius, like the mantle of GRIMALDI, is claimed by every fool, but possessed by scarcely one!

The only Ring in which the whip should not be used is the wedding-ring; whenever it is used, you may put it down as a badly managed circle, that is a disgrace to the thing!

Life may be compared to one of the golden goblets that flash at our banquets upon the stage; it looks very splendid, and you fancy it is full of the most intoxicating draughts; but put it to your lips, and you will find there is nothing in it!—nothing but hollowness, mockery, and disappointment!!!

NOT TO BE FATHOMED.—There are secrets, like springs, that lie too deep for boring—and a woman's age is one of them.

THE CLOAK OF RELIGION.—It is to be known sometimes by the *fine nap* it has during sermon time.

THE CHEMISTRY OF COMMON DOMESTIC LIFE

(By a Strong-Minded Woman—with a strong Chemical Turn.)

THE subjects to be treated in this interesting series, and into which will be thrown the experience of a long married life, will be—

- No. 1.—The Air we breathe, and why our dear children (bless them!) always require a change of it at a certain period of the year.
- No. 2.—The Cold Meat we eat, and why it generally produces ill humor when there is no pudding after it.
- No. 3.—The Joints we cook at home, and the Joints that are cooked for us in a lodging-house, and how the latter invariably lose so much more in the cooking.
- No. 4.—The Pancakes we fry and the wonderful Puddings we contrive, whenever there is a doubt whether there will be sufficient for dinner.
- No. 5.—The Pot-Luck that our husbands will persist in bringing their friends home to partake of, and the various Stews and Broils that always come out of it.
- No. 6.—The Luncheons we enjoy when alone, and the Dinners we cannot touch when there is company.
- No. 7.—The Sherry we drink ourselves, and the Marsala we give to our friends at an evening party.
- No. 8.—The Sweets we give our children, and the Bit-

ters we receive from our husbands for so doing, on the absurd plea that it makes the poor little dears ill.

- 9.—The Soil we cultivate in our conservatories and out in our balconies, and the Flowers (hyacinths particularly) we rear on our mantelpiece.
- 10.—The Beverages we infuse after an oyster supper, and the Slops we imbibe when we have a cold.
- 11.—The Odors (including musk and patchouli) we love best, and the Smells we dislike most, especially that filthy tobacco-smoke.
- 12.—The Pets we cherish, and the real causes of the illnesses that are generally attributed to our over-feeding them.
- 13.—The Quarrels we ferment and the Storms we brew, whenever poor mother comes to make a short stay in the house.
- 14.—The Table-Beer we give our servants, and an analysis of the strange rapidity with which it is drunk, though the ungrateful creatures are always complaining of it.
- 15.—The Tea and Sugar we allow the Cook and Housemaid, and the extraordinary preference they have for that which is used in the parlor.
- 16.—What we Breathe, and whom we Breathe for, and the great benefit there is in Stays, by their enabling us to breathe so much better, and how a heated room generally improves the Respiration and Ventilation.

No. 17.—The Body we love and nourish and take care of, with an exposure of the absurd fallacy that thin shoes, low dresses, and scanty clothing are in the least injurious to health.

A DEVOURING FLAME.

THREE removes, it is said, are as bad as a fire; but a fire is not so bad as an extravagant woman, by many removes. The one simply burns you out of house, but the other, if she is your wife, burns you out of both house and home; and then again, you may put out the former, but, as long as you have a place to live in, you have no chance of putting out the latter.

LADIES can, we know, sometimes go to very great lengths in dress; but the gown has lately got to such a pitch, and so much latitude is taken in the way of longitude, that there is no knowing where it will end. We have found, occasionally, very great inconvenience in our walks, by following, as excursionists, such a train as that which female fashion seems to entail on all its votaries. It says as little for the ankles as it does for the understandings of the fair sex of the present day, that they are compelled to hide their bad feet by at least one yard of superfluous drapery. In addition to the untidy and unsightly character of the proceeding, the dust raised is so great a nuisance, that every lady appearing in the costume of the period ought to be compelled to have a page in attendance, with a watering-pot, wherever she goes.

SURLY SENTIMENTS.

(By a Professed Old Grumbler.)

NITY never died yet of a surfeit.

Parent who strikes a child is like a man who strikes
her—the consequences of the blow are sure to fly up
own face.

ere are fools who cannot keep a secret. Their ex-
greenness, like that of new wood, makes them split.
form is an omnibus that's always "just going to

ends, like tumblers in frosty weather, are apt to fly
first touch of hot water.

is with a faded beauty as with a clock—the more
e is enamelled, the more clearly do we see the pro-
of Time.

e most uncomfortable house to live in is a house full
,—such as pet dogs, pet canaries, pet squirrels, par-
id cats,—but, worse than all, pet children!

berus must have been a box-keeper, originally, at a
.

ere is no one so long-lived as your delicate fine lady,
always "dying."

ave generally found that a "little party" with a
music," and a "little singing," with a "little vint-
after that, followed by a "little supper," and
a "little grog" just before going home, carry one
five or six o'clock in the morning, and invariably
a little headache the next day.

No Woman drinks Beer of her own accord,—she is always “ordered” to drink it!

Experience is a Pocket-compass that a Fool never thinks of consulting until he has lost his way.

An Ugly Baby is an impossibility.

When a Man has the Headache, and says “it’s the salmon,” you may safely conclude that he has been “drinking like a fish.”

The moment Friendship becomes a Tax, it’s singular, at every fresh call it makes, how very few persons it finds at home!

LIFE A LIBRARY.

LIFE is a Library, composed of several volumes. With some, these volumes are richly gilt; with others, quite plain. Of its several volumes, the first is a Child’s Book, full of pretty pictures; the second is a School-Book, blotted, inked, and dog’s-eared; the next is a Thrilling Romance, full of love, hope, ruin, and despair, winding up with a marriage with the most beautiful heroine that ever was; then, there is the Housekeeping-Book, with the butchers’ and bakers’ bills increasing every year; after that, come the Day-Book and Ledger, swelling out into a series of many volumes, presenting a rare fund of varied information, and gingling like a cash-box with money; these are followed up with a grave History, solemnly travelling over the events of the Past, with many wise deductions and grave warnings; and last of all, comes the Child’s-Book again with its pages rather soiled, and its pictures by no means so bright as they used to be. To the above Library

is sometimes added the Banker's-Book, thick with gold, but it is a very scarce work, and only to be met with in the richest collections.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE FLY.

STUPID silly little Fly,
As upon the wall you walk,
Let us have some quiet talk.
Who are you ? and What am I ?

What is man, and what are flies ?
It perchance would be as well
If philosophy could tell,
Though the answer might surprise.

Come, philosophy profound !
Fly, approach ! in converse free ;
Where's the fly—alas, I see :
Tumbled, in the milk-jug ! drown'd.

AMBITION.

THERE should be a measure in ambition as in all things, and particularly a boot-and-shoe-measure. For instance, in your anxiety to walk in the shoes of another person, it never does to throw away your own boots before you have got your toes comfortably stowed in the shoes of the former. By neglecting this very common precaution, many an ambitious man has to trudge over the sharp stones of the world barefooted, and dies a beggar !



A FOUR DELICATE CHAIRMAN

A POOR DELICATE CREATURE!

WE know a poor delicate creature, who is incapable of any exertion. She lies on the sofa all day. She cannot bear the slightest noise. The blinds are always pulled down, for the sun gives her a headache. She is so weak she rarely speaks above a whisper. The servants always approach her on tiptoe, for fear of sending her into hysterics. As a matter of course, she never moves out without the carriage. You would imagine her nerves were made of the finest silk—or of Venetian glass, rather—and that with the slightest movement, they would all snap. She is so sensitive, she cannot bear a breath of the air of heaven. It would certainly blow her away. The softest zephyr that ever blew from the south would irrevivably extinguish the puny flame of her flickering existence. To guard against an accident of this melancholy nature, all the windows are closed; not a door, not a ventilator is allowed to be open; and the tender invalid keeps her frail body continually wrapped up in the thickest plaids and shawls. Look at her, as she is reclining on that ottoman—does she not seem to be at the last gasp of exhaustion? Would you not rather take her for a fashionable mummy just embalmed in cashmeres? Poor, delicate creature, in pity let us leave her.

Suppose we go to Lady Gunter's ball. Do you see that beautiful girl spinning round in the waltz with that Austrian *attaché*—the crystallized foreigner, now opposite to you, who is such a revolving pillar of diamonds? Yes; we see the lovely blonde—if you mean her—with the bare

arms and naked shoulders—a costume which, by courtesy, is called full dress. What a rate she is going at! Precisely; the *Times*' steam engine is in quickness a slow coach compared to her! She makes more revolutions in one minute than the French have made in all their lives; and, if you notice, she shows no symptoms of fatigue. She will keep up that same speed for hours, and the moment she ceases she is ready to begin again. She is indefatigable; no wheel in a cotton factory could spin round quicker, or work for so many hours with less apparent fatigue. But she is going out on the balcony: why, she will catch her death of cold! No; she is accustomed to it. A sailor walking the deck wouldn't trouble himself less about colds than she does. All atmospheres are the same to her. She is no fragile hothouse plant, but a hardy annual that will bloom anywhere—up the chimney, if you please, or down in the cellar, or by the side of the kitchen fire, or at the bottom of the well—the small question of temperature doesn't make much difference to a constitution so well seasoned as hers. But does she take no nourishment to keep up this extraordinary fatigue? Yes: ices—plenty of ices and biscuits—varied occasionally with a jelly, and perhaps, late in the evening, the tiniest wing of a chicken with a little lobster sauce, or a plover's egg, or a bit of blancmange, the whole of it washed down with not more than half a glass of champagne. But I have seen her eat a very good supper—a supper worthy of a guardaman in love—but it has been very late, when there were very few persons in the room, and she has had a pleasant

ompanion, who made her laugh, and kept continually filling her glass.

And after that? Why, after that she goes up stairs again, and dances more incessantly than ever. She is insatiable for dancing. To look at her, you would think a Tarantula had bitten her, and that she couldn't keep still for the fraction of a minute. The wonder is how one pair of satin shoes lasts her through the same evening. You would imagine with her rapidity—and it is as much as your eyes can do to follow her—that she would wear out half a dozen pairs at least. And how long does she keep it up? Why, as long as she can—till four or five o'clock in the morning—till the wax candles begin to droop—till the musicians have nearly played themselves fast asleep—until she hasn't a partner left to dance with—and then, loth to leave, she goes unwillingly home to begin the same dance the following evening. How often does this occur? Why, four, or five, and sometimes six times a week; and frequently there are two or three balls on the same evening, and she goes to every one of them, and this, mind you, after she has been to a concert, or a *matinée*, or a picnic, perhaps, in the day-time. What, only think of the exercise! Well, that is something, to be sure; and if the calculation could be made, it is probable it would be ascertained, by the most generous cabman's measure, that that young lady does not dance less than twenty miles in the course of an evening—and that is only allowing at the rate of four miles an hour, which you will acknowledge is absurdly moderate for human waltzing. Multiply this by 3, and you will have a sum total of 120 miles danced by

a young lady in the period of one week ! And this, recollect, is independent of *fêtes*, fancy fairs, flower shows, and other amusements that demand some degree of exercise during the day. And now, do you know who this young lady is who dances her 120 miles a week ? Who it is that goes through an amount of labor only to be equalled by the poor fellows who walk their thousand miles in their thousand hours ? You will never guess, and so I do not mind telling you. She is the same young lady whom we saw stretched out at full length on the sofa, who looked so weak that she would have fainted if any one had asked her to walk across the street ; who was so nervous that she could not bear the slightest noise, or endure the smallest key-hole of fresh air ; who was so woe-begone that she could not talk, laugh, nor open her eyes, nor touch a single thing ; so helpless that she could not have moved off her couch by herself, not even if the house had been in flames ; who looked, in fact, such a lackadaisical bundle of shaws and prostration, that you must have doubted in your own mind whether she could ever stand upright again on her two legs. Yes, sir, that young lady, whose prowess you have been wondering at this evening, is that same Poor Delicate Creature ; and allow me to say, sir (concluded the Doctor, as he gave us a cigar to walk home with), that in the way of fatigue there are very few men—I was nearly saying, prize-fighters—who can stand half so much as your POOR DELICATE CREATURE !

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.—You convince a man—
you persuade a woman.

PEOPLE I SHOULD LIKE TO MEET.

THE Maiden Aunt who does not take in tracts, nor confine herself (and guests) to cold meat on a Sunday, who has no objection to the smell of a cigar, and can even bear the sight of a snuff-box without fainting; who only keeps one cat, and if she have a lap-dog, will not suffer either to monopolize the sofa; who has a soul above anti-macassars, and although she keeps her house perpetually clean, does not keep her servants in perpetual hot water, nor pretend to be in hysterics if you stand upon the hearth-rug: who wears her own hair even though it be gray, and never so forgets herself as to appear in mittens: who can even invite a gentleman to dinner, and abstain from making him ill with wines of her home-manufacture after it; who, above all, is not given to missionaries, and though charitable to a fault, the fault is not that of pestering her acquaintance for donations, nor keeping a "Savings-bank" for some pet piety upon her mantel-piece, and being quite put out if you omit to put into it. Such a Maiden Aunt is a relative worth having, and if I were an old bachelor I should make a point of calling on her.

The Cabman who does not smell of beer, and whose cab you can enter without finding a short pipe in it; who can receive a sixpence without opening the safety-valve of an oath, or challenging the donor to a pugilistic single combat; who, if he adopts a circuitous route, can at least invent a reasonable pretext for it, or at any rate abstain from adding insult to injury by giving vent to the plagiarism that "*the streets is hup*;" whose estimates of distance are,

in some cases at all events, restrained within the limits of possible belief.

The Amateur Artist who shaves every day, and never passes a month without a visit to his hair-cutter; who does not think it derogatory to keep his nails clean, nor fancy he'll lose character by paying his tailor; who can condescend even to wear an actual hat, and does not dress himself for a studio as though it were a masquerade, or a farce at the Adelphi; who can talk of a picture without artistically criticising it, and puzzling his friends about "middle lights" and "distances," and "fetching up the tone;" who can abstain from raptures when a Pre-Raphaelite is mentioned, and can equally command himself in the presence of an "old master;" who can hire a pretty maid-servant and not make a "study" of her, and can even form the acquaintance of a man with a Roman nose, without insisting on his sitting as a model *Virginus*; that Amateur I should not object to meet, which is more than I can say of most in his position.

IS MAN A FREE AGENT?

Writing as I do, hastily with my bonnet on, I have no idea of entering into such a metaphysical inquiry, as with reference either to my subject or my reader, will be productive of exhaustion. My present object is merely to discuss man's free agency in connection with his greatest temporal blessing—the married state.

Man is by nature timid, and prone to solitude. Prompted by his normal impulses, he hides himself in dens and

caves, from whence he is drawn forth by the gentle voice of woman. She pats him softly on the cheek—she puts a pair of French clogs in his hand ; and docile as Una's lion, she makes him fetch and carry at her own sweet will. To win her approving smile, he defies danger—ascending mountains (Mont Blanc for example) at a vast expense—performing on the *corde élastique*, or running on a rolling tub—making heroic speeches in Parliament, and dying on the floor of the house, like a country actor, with immense applause.

Such is Man—a being singularly dependent, and whose inability to repair his own hose must ever excite our liveliest commiseration.

This for Preface. “Is man a free Agent?” *That*, as *Hamlet* says, is the question ; and to show how serious a question it is, permit me to relate, as Mrs. Inchbald did, a “simple story.”

Last summer, accompanied by papa, and taking advantage of the Midsummer vacation in our establishment for Young Ladies at Tooting, I embarked on board a boat—the *Little Western*—for Ramsgate. There were many gentlemen passengers, but one particularly arrested my attention. He was a tall well made commercial-traveller-looking man, with blue eyes and sandy whiskers : and as he sat next to me, we naturally entered into conversation. Amongst other literary celebrities he mentioned Pope, and as the proper study of mankind is man, he recommended all ladies to learn it by heart. From Pope we passed, by an easy transition, to Puseyism and the Rev. *Mr. Kittens*, under whom he was gratified to find that my-

self and papa had sat for some years. With reference to matters of fashion, his opinions were strictly orthodox, and, like all men of enlarged ideas, he admired long dresses; and as to small bonnets, he confessed that he pitied those short-sighted persons who cannot see much in them. One thing certainly did surprise me, his intimate, nay, profound acquaintance with the most intricate details of fashionable millinery. How he had mastered what to most men, even of powerful intellect, are insurmountable difficulties, I could only understand, by presuming that he lived with his accomplished sister. I was just about giving utterance to the suggestion, when my parasol was snatched away by some invisible Ariel, and descending upon the sun-lit waves, which leaped with responsive joy at our laughter, was soon, as Byron says, "far, far at sea!" Penetrated with sympathy for my loss, my kind and generous neighbor, with polite pleasantry, hastened to repair it, and as he handed me, for this purpose, his unfurled alpaca umbrella, he softly squeezed (or I fancied so) not only my little finger, but its companion of my left hand, where, had I worn a ring, of course he must have felt it. Up to this moment my impression had been that he was a bachelor, or free agent; that is, free to pay delicate attentions when and where he might think proper; and sheltered by his alpaca umbrella, which he gracefully held over me, I looked upon him with mingled gratitude and respect. Judge then of my more than astonishment when, on arriving at Ramsgate Pier, he stepped ashore, and three fat children, rudely embracing his legs, saluted him by the ridiculous name of—Papa!

This is only a solitary instance of the misunderstandings which persons like myself are apt to fall into, from there being no certain means of distinguishing whether a Man is or is not a Free Agent. The only criterion at present is, that men of family are always more attentive, and often more truly gallant than those who have not arrived at that honorable distinction. But should there not be some outward and visible sign, some tangible *insignia* which would ensure us from wasting our sweetness upon those, who can make us no adequate return? Supposing every "united Brother" was compelled by law to wear when travelling a sort of badge—say the key of the tea-caddy round his neck—a plan which could not be attended with any inconvenience, as no man of correct feeling ever thinks of taking pleasure abroad, while circumstances necessitate his lady remaining at home.

ETIQUETTE FOR EVENING PARTIES.

BY OUR OWN BRUMMELL.

If you are at all an absent-minded man, it is prudent not to venture to a party in rubbers. Possibly you might forget to take them off, and so be entering the room upon a questionable footing.

In dressing for an evening party, always bear in mind the maxim, "Ease before elegance." Many a good waltzer has been forced into a wallflower through the tortures of having a new pair of boots on. If you have strength of mind you will avoid such a fate, even at the cost of appearing in your bluchers. Recollect, black trousers are *not* indispensables. The authorities at the Opera, who are the

last to admit any breaches of decorum, have pronounced an equal Open Sesame to white. Therefore by all means go in ducks if you prefer it; especially to a house where you've never been asked before, and (if you sport them) will most probably never be again.

With respect to the much-vexed question of propriety in the practice of bringing your hat into the room with you, we think it best to give an answer of negation: if for no other reason than that you might tempt some ultra fast young lady to put the vulgar query to you, "Who's your hatter?" If however you desire to create a sensation, you cannot do so easier than—if you affect a white hat with black crape round it—by keeping it under your arm throughout the entire evening.

When you desire to dance with a young lady, it is necessary to obtain an introduction by her parents; or, if they be absent, by her nearest relative. The forms which etiquette has sanctioned for preferring your request are somewhat too numerous for us to print; but in our opinion there is no one more genteel than "What d'ye say to a waltz, Miss?" or, "Let you and me just go in for a galop!" We hesitate to recommend the phrase, "Maiden, wilt tread a measure with thy TOMKINS?" (or whatever else your name may be) because we almost fear it has become a little obsolete.

Should you be called upon to propose your entertainer's health, and feel at all diffident about your eloquence, you had better plainly state that you are no orator as BRUTUS was, but that you have no objection to sing a song, if that will do as well. And then for fear of your pro-

posal being negatived, you had better strike up at once the first thing that occurs to you—say *Bobbin' Around* or the *Ratcatcher's Daughter*, either of which would be nicely appropriate to the occasion.

Recollect, punctuality is the soul of evening parties. Be careful therefore always to arrive to a moment at the time you are invited for. If the hour be not specified, as is occasionally the case, it is considered good breeding to call the day before and make inquiry of the servant.

Your conduct in the supper-room must depend on circumstances. If it be a half-stand-up affair, ladies' business first and gentlemen's pleasure afterwards, you will be expected during the first part to do duty of course as an amateur waiter; when, unless you practise well beforehand, you will no doubt contrive to cover yourself with jelly and confusion. But if the repast be a sit-down-all-together one, you may eat and drink in comfort, if you only take care not to have a lady next you: otherwise of course you'll have to minister to her wants instead of satisfying your own.

In taking your departure, don't forget to make an offer of your thanks for the pleasant evening you have spent: and if you then proceed to shake hands all round with such of the guests as may remain, you will do much to confirm the favorable impression which your previous behavior will doubtless have produced. In fact, if you act strictly in accordance with the advice that we have given, you will soon be esteemed quite an acquisition to society; and in short, to use the language of the advertisers, no evening party will be thought complete without you.

THE SWOOP OF THE NIGHT HAWK.

It was the gentle hour of gloaming. The beautiful Isabel had left the parental cot for an evening ramble. Through a green lane, redolent of honeysuckle, she bent her way to an antique wooden bridge, crossing a rivulet that murmured beneath the baronial towers, distant some half a mile from her humbler, but not less happy dwelling.

A mendicant who was leaning over the bridge, rose as she approached, and in a hoarse voice solicited an alms. Isabella had left her purse at home, or the appeal to her gentle bosom would not perhaps have been made in vain. There was truth, then, in her protestation that she had nothing for the man; but he would not believe it, and as she hurried on to escape his importunity, he followed her with the accelerated step and heightened voice so characteristic of the determined and professional beggar.

At this juncture a youth, emerging from behind a gnarled oak, and armed with a substantial walking-cane, suddenly placed himself between the maiden and the vagabond, and authoritatively ordered him to go about his business. The fellow, grumbling, sulkily obeyed.

The young man, taking off his hat, respectfully made an offer to escort Isabel home, and his services were gratefully accepted. He was tall and dark, wearing a profusion of sable ringlets, with mustachios and a tuft. The moon, which was just then rising over the neighboring castle tower, beamed full upon his aquiline nose, and was reflected in the lustre of his black eye.

"Beautiful moon!" he exclaimed, addressing the

planet. "For ages of ages, on this turbulent world, hast thou shone down, tranquil and serene as now. And thou wilt still shine on, in thine unchangeable calmness, on hopes as yet unformed, on griefs unfelt, on unimagined fears. Thou, oh moon, that smilest on the quiet graves, thou wilt one day smile as peacefully on us, when we are laid in earth, and all our cares forgotten! Is it not so?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Isabel, with emotion.

The youth heaved a long-drawn sigh. "This is a strange meeting," he observed, after a pause. "A few minutes more, and we part—perchance for ever. In the meanwhile, might I entreat a trifling favor, which would render me supremely happy?"

"Really, sir, I—that is—pray, excuse—I could not, indeed!" stammered Isabel, blushing with an intensity actually visible in the moonlight.

"Suffer me to imprint but one kiss"—the maiden shrank back—"on that delicate hand," said the stranger.

"This is indeed a strange request," she replied.

"It is perhaps romantic. But of late years," he continued, "I have resided in Germany, where the boon which I now venture to crave would be esteemed a life-long happiness. Would you deny so rich a blessing, granted so easily?"

"To my preserver?—that were indeed ungrateful," Isabel answered. And divesting her little hand of its neat kid glove, she presented it to the stranger, who, kneeling, respectfully raised it to his lips!

At this moment a wild cry for help proceeded from a coppiece not far distant. The stranger started to his feet.

holding the hand of Isabel in his own, and clutching it convulsively as he listened to the heart-piercing shriek. "Await me for a moment!" he exclaimed: "A fellow-creature in distress! 'Tis the call of duty! I will return immediately! Farewell, beautiful being, for one instant—farewell—farewell!" And bounding over a gate into the adjoining field, he disappeared.

So had a diamond ring, from Isabel's forefinger. It was the gift of a generous uncle, and worth at least thirty pounds. She never again saw either the stranger or the ring. It is but too probable that the latter was stolen, and that the former was a member of the swell mob.

EARTH AND WATER.

A TEETOTALLER, who goes the whole hog, proposes to change the name, applied to a portion of the globe, of Temperate Zone, into that of Zone of Total Abstinence. But another, who swallows bristles and all, would extend the territory of Total Abstinence over the whole world.

IS IT SO?—The greatest rake, it is said, makes the best husband—on the principle, we suppose, that the greatest drunkard makes the best temperance-lecturer.

TWO THINGS RATHER DIFFICULT TO BE DONE AT ONCE.—To cultivate a Moustache, and a taste for Vermicelli Soup.

THE GREATEST TRIAL OF PATIENCE.—A Stammering Barrister examining a Stuttering Witness in the presence of a Deaf Judge.

LESSONS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

THESE Lessons in words of one and two syllables are intended to be read by children to adults, on a system of mutual instruction by which both parties may teach and learn at the same time.

THE TIP-SY MAN.

Look at that Man. He can-not walk straight. See how he rolls and tum-bles a-bout. He can-not speak plain. Why can he not speak plain, and why does he um-ble and roll a-bout? He has been drink-ing. I think he has had too much bran-dy and wa-ter. He is a tip-sy man. His head will ache to-morrow. How silly of him to drink too much bran-dy and wa-ter, and make his head ache! Pa-pa ne-ver drinks too much bran-dy and wa-ter. What a good Pa-pa!

THE DRA-PER'S SHOP.

That is a dra-per's shop. There is a la-dy. She is buy-ing a dress. Where is her hus-band? He is at work. He does not know that she is buy-ing a dress. She has more dres-ses than she wants. Her hus-band will have to pay for her new dress. He can-not afford the mo-ney. It is ve-ry wrong of her to buy a dress that she does not want, when he can-not afford to pay for it. Mam-ma ne-ver serves Pa-pa so; does she, dear Mam-ma?

THE CI-GAR.

Oh! what a nas-ty smell! Where does it come from? It comes from that man's ci-gar. He is smok-ing. Dir-

ty man! See what a smoke he makes! His mouth is like a chim-ney. His hair and clothes will smell of smoke all day. Who would like to make his mouth a chim-ney, and to smell of fil-thy smoke? Not Un-cle. I am sure he would not be such a dir-ty Un-cle as that.

DAR-BY AND JOAN.

Hark, what a noise in the next house! What are they do-ing there? They are hav-ing a quar-rel. Who are the peo-ple in the next house? They are Dar-by and Joan. How loud they talk! I hear them call-ing each other names. Dar-by is scold-ing Joan. Now Joan is cry-ing. They are not a hap-py cou-ple. Dar-by and Joan live like cat and dog. I ne-ver heard Pa-pa and Mam-ma quar-rel like Dar-by and Joan.

The foregoing Lessons are merely part of a grand scheme for the intellectual and moral improvement of the world, of which the full particulars will be published by *Mr. Punch* in due time.

AN INVARIABLE RULE.—Let the wittiest thing be said in society, there is sure to be some fool present, who, "for the life of him, cannot see it."

TOO HORRIBLE TO CONTEMPLATE!—If a lady who hesitates is lost, what must it then be for a lady who stammers or stutters!

HOW SOMETIMES TO PROVE AN ALIBI.—By having a *lie* by.

WHOLESOME SUPERSTITIONS.

To believe you will have no luck for the rest of the year, if, on the first of August, you fail to eat oysters.

To believe that the house will be burnt to the ground, if the insurance be left unpaid a day after the notice.

To believe in a miserable Christmas, if passed without nine-pies.

To believe in the wreck of a steamer, if embarking without life-preservers for self, wife, and all the children.

To believe that British Brandy is composed of three parts of head-ache, and the fourth of indigestion.

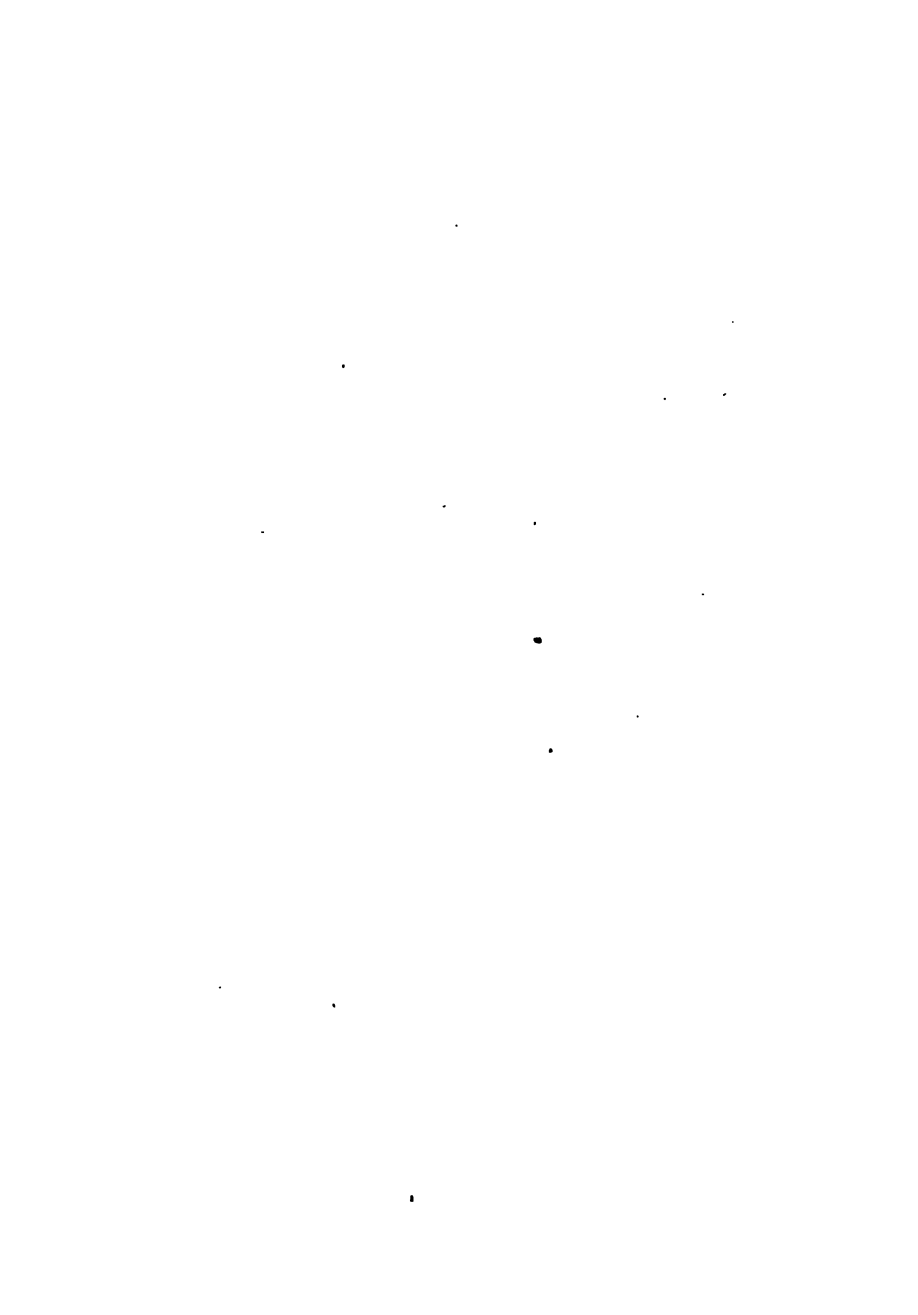
To believe that to take credit of a tailor is, in the end, to pay for those who never pay at all.

To believe that if—for a friend, and “just as a matter of form”—you put your name to a bill, you will most undubitably have to find money for it.

And, finally, to believe—and to hold it as the dearest and most valuable domestic and social superstition—that it is impossible to support the character of a man, or a gentleman, without the daily aid of PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK OF FUN!

END OF PART FIRST.









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